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Things in General

AN OPEN LETTER TO MR. A. E. AMES.

Sir,—A week ago you took pains to write a letter attacking me and then peddled it around to the newspapers with a request for its insertion. In it you asserted that I had almost continuously attacked you and your firm since your suspension, and that your purpose in writing to the press was to disclose my animus. You say, "He has, however, not argued—he has merely slandered." Of course a newspaper cannot "slander," for slander is a spoken thing, but to an angry man any epithet is good enough to hurl at an opponent. Further, you say, "I shall not reply to anything Mr. Sheppard has stated or hinted." Simply because you can't—what appeared in my paper was not an argument, but statements of facts. Nothing has been said or hinted about you on this page that I have the slightest reason to believe was untrue, misleading or inspired by malice. During the past months, when perfectly legitimate comment was being made upon your suspension and connection with the Atlas Loan Company, based on carefully studied reports of examinations, etc., no protest was entered by you, no letter written, no intimation sent that you were not being fairly used in this paper, though these columns are open to everyone who has a reasonable complaint to make of the treatment he has received. Were you unaware that the correct course for you to have pursued when you considered yourself maligned was to have written to the editor of the offending paper, or, better still, to have called upon him and requested that the alleged "distortions" and "misstatements" of which you now complain, be set right? Now that you are making complaint, why did you rush to other papers, the readers of which are, many of them, unacquainted with the articles which appeared on this page, to tell them that I had "slandered" you, was "actuated by pique" and was "gratifying a desire for personal revenge?" What avails it to talk to those who understand nothing of the case or about "there being no calumny concerning your affairs that has been too gross" for my pen? You must think that everybody who reads the daily papers reads "Saturday Night" as well, or you would not pipe your pitiful tale into every passing ear, unless you feel less anxiety to help your own case than to injure me. However, as your letter has been so widely published, it is unnecessary to reproduce more than enough to indicate your line of attack.

You offer as your excuse, "Mr. Sheppard's writings carry little weight, but everyone has some influence, and I think it unfair to my partners and myself that he should be permitted any longer to conceal his underlying motives, especially since hundreds doubtless read his racy paragraphs who do not take time to read the mass of evidence and papers which show the facts." Entirely disregarding the "facts" in the case, you assail my motives; you cannot deny me the right to examine yours. You are and always have been a clever self-advertiser, and it seems to me that your motive in writing was to call the attention of the public to how good you are and how bad I am. Your tub is altogether too full of soiled linen to make it wise for you to advertise that you are taking in other people's washing—mine, for instance. You accuse me of "posing," for you think much of that sort of thing, and your every attitude has been that of a poseur. Your large gifts to religious and other objects were intended to make you appear more pious than you are, unlike Mr. A. E. Wallace, not only knew what your right hand was doing, but you saw that everybody else was informed of your generosity. What was the motive? Was it not that you desired to be esteemed rich as well as generous, that you might be thought worthy of being trusted with so much of other people's money that you could cut a wide swath in speculation? In view of the way you used their money, can it not be said with considerable reason that you are anxious to pay your depositors in full, more that your own credit may be restored than that you care twopence for the fate of the depositors themselves? You seem to have that peculiar selfish nature which, when it meets with misfortune, is so overwhelmed with self-pity that the woes of others are of little or no importance. A few years ago you evidently jumped to the conclusion that you were a very great and good man—a conclusion which has not only made you absurd, but has led you and many others who cling to you into most disastrous situations. Your idea of your greatness and goodness makes you an absurdly pitiful figure as you stand surrounded by the misfortunes caused to you and by you to so many others through your lack of judgment and your excessive egotism. Instead of being repentant as would befit your case, in word and action you are rebellious and resentful; in fact, you are so sorry for yourself that you seem incapable of being sorry for anybody else. Anyone who criticizes you is a wretch without "spark of manhood," everyone you do not like should at once be thrown on the dump. Men of your kind when they are overwhelmed with disaster brought about by themselves think that all the world is wrong, while they are right; that their own motives are good, while the motives of other people are bad; that nothing would have happened to them if the world had not been out of joint, and that no one is so depraved as policemen, courts and critics. I have seen many men sent down for serious offences, and I never yet saw one who could not account for his mishaps and misadventures; that the whole world was against him, and he was a victim of the general tendency to kick a man when he is down. Such men have always been ready to weep over themselves, and so long as courage lasted them to glare defiance at the world. You can hardly deny that you caused terrible embarrassment, financial trouble, and heartbreak to other people as well as to yourself, and you can scarcely expect onlookers to hold their breath or newspapers to abandon their functions—unless in their own interest—and suppress an opinion for fear that you may be injured while rebuilding your fortunes and promising at the same time to make partial amends for some of the damage you have caused. It is the business of a newspaper to make comments on public affairs; to find, if possible, the cause of disasters such as your suspension and the failure of the Atlas Loan Company; to warn other speculators and the general public against wrong methods of getting rich quickly, and against the following of wrong policies which are sure to end in woe.

You evidently do not take this view of a newspaper's function. Apparently strong in the belief that you cannot and did not do any wrong, you impugn my motives and hold me up to scorn as one seeking for "personal revenge." Your story is that you opposed my appointment as a member of the Temiskaming Railway Commission and prevented me from receiving an appointment on that board, hence my animus. Unconsciously your egotism puts the Provincial Government in a rather uncomfortable place. If you were so powerful with the Government that you could prevent an appointment, or force the abandonment of one that had seemed satisfactory, you also must have been sufficiently mighty to cause other appointments to be made, and in effect you must have been in a position, if you tell the tale right, to select the board, and it certainly should have been called the Ames Commission. Of course you were president of the Board of Trade and were supposed to be a great financial magnate, but it is not very kind of you to treat your political friends to an exposure of how you ran things with a high hand when you were rich and great (?). Personally the appointment was a matter of trivial moment, though I shall take an opportunity at some other time to explain exactly why and how I felt I could be useful in the position spoken of, out of which you so blandly claim to have elbowed me. I was well aware of your gratuitous interference, and I dropped into your office to ask you if I had been correctly informed. You confessed to your position because it was quite impossible for you to make successful denial, even if you had wished to do so. You admit that I thanked you for your candor, and you assured me, as you do in your letter, that you had "no objection" to me on "personal grounds," but "did not consider me seriously as a business man," but, to avoid the appearance of a

political job (?), must oppose me "in the public interest." You are perhaps not aware that you spoke of yourself with such stupendous egotism that I could hardly keep a straight face, and when you called in my office shortly afterwards I was given a sort of apologetic talk, and another dissertation with regard to the phenomenal success you had made of your life by regarding your business "seriously"—that otherwise you might have remained "nothing but a mere broker." However, this personal element is of no importance to the public, and I will forego what would be a rather amusing description of your words and attitudes. I can assure you that I was not angry, except when you said that you "would make it up to me some other way." Your belief in the power of your money pretty nearly reached the limit in that case, as it did when you were addressing the men at a midnight meeting during the last street car strike, when you told the strikers that you had engaged in prayer before coming to them, that the trouble might be settled. Fearing, evidently, that your prayer might not have been quite sufficient, you will doubtless remember that you offered to give them \$10,000 cash besides. So it would appear that you always believed, when you had the stock market by the neck, in having a little ready or some favors to promise when you were endeavoring to work "in the public interest."

As I happened to have been in Toronto in business in a fairly large way before you drifted into the town, and have always paid a hundred cents on the dollar, never had a note go to protest nor a cheque dishonored, I rather thought that I had taken business with reasonable "seriousness." But as you objected to me for not being a business man, I hope you won't consider me rude in suggesting that there are several thousands of people who strongly object to you on the same ground—that according to your own code you are quite unfit to be on the Temiskaming Commission. If you had

000? Did you impugn their motives because when with a cash or paper capital of \$1,000,000 you were swinging \$19,000,000 of speculative business, they told you to unload? Were the tears shed by the depositors of about \$400,000 in your savings bank, "crocodile tears," such as you accuse me of shedding over the poor? Did the anger of the victims of the Atlas Loan "deepen into a desire for revenge" because your partner Wallace had poured so much of their money into stock gambling transactions engineered by your firm? Or am I to blame for that as well? Did those who were dealing with you and had their money or securities locked up by your mad race to get suddenly rich, in their anxiety and their grief blame you or me? You should have heard some of these people when they grouped together and discussed you and your schemes; you would have found it interesting. When your firm suspended and my old friends and neighbors in my native county were immediately afterwards thrown into the deepest consternation and misery by the failure of the Atlas Loan, of which your late partner, Mr. Wallace, was president, I, with thousands of others, recognized that you were no Napoleon of finance, but merely an egotist who had been attempting that for which he had too small a head, something indeed which he would not have attempted had he even had a large heart. You waded into deep water and you pulled many others with you who had no notion when they entrusted their funds to your firm that they were being given high interest because they were taking unusual risks. If they had known that their money was going into stock speculation, can you honestly assert that it would have been left with you for twenty-four hours? They were no doubt misled by your professions and your exhibitions of wealth; and, by the way, if your professions had been less lofty and your performances had averaged a little better you would not cut such a conspicuous and sorry figure on the down grade. You say, "I

I think, however, that I am serious enough to feel genuine sympathy with those who have been financially ruined or seriously injured by your inexpressible folly in believing too much in your Napoleonic genius as a financier. Probably you would see things differently if you did not have your town house and your country house to go to and a carriage to take you there. If you have "withheld no personal asset or resource" in an attempt to bring peace where you brought disaster, you are deserving of appreciation, not praise, for no one should be praised for doing so proper a thing as paying his debts. In your cynicism you sneer at me as "posing as the friend of the poor." I thank the gods I at least have never demonstrated myself as the enemy of the poor or as one who has played upon their trust.

Having tried to avoid the bringing in of any institution or person foreign to this argument, lest I might do an injury, I am yours, etc., E. E. SHEPPARD.

"FISCALITIS" is the new term applied in Great Britain to those who can think or talk of nothing but Mr. Chamberlain's proposals. The excellent speeches of it to apprise Mr. Chamberlain and his followers of the attitude of this country. While strongly in favor of reciprocal preferences, the Canadian attitude is shown to be one of caution lest we be asked to damage the prospects of our manufacturing enterprises. It seems to me that it would be wise to leave the matter where it is and to avoid any partizan controversy until a definite proposition is before the people. Almost with one accord Canadians desire some such arrangement, but we must recognize the fact that the moment we begin to quarrel amongst ourselves over details our posture will be misunderstood and great damage done to Mr. Chamberlain's propaganda.

THE alumni of Knox College at their conference on Wednesday found themselves deep in some of the mysteries of the Scriptures. Professor McCurdy took "the position that the Divine commands to slaughter innocent women and babes alleged to have been given to the Israelites, and many other incidents related in the Scriptures, were so inconsistent with his idea of God that he had to reject the narratives at least in some particulars." Practically his explanation was that the tribalistic hatreds of the Israelites and their historians led them to sanctify their bloodthirsty conduct by claiming to have been ordered to do as they did by the Almighty. Commenting on the command to Saul to slay the Amalekites, Professor McCurdy said, "We cannot deliberately believe that such a command was actually given by God, the God of Moses, Micah, Jeremiah, of Luke, John and Paul, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who made of one blood all the nations of the world, that He was the instigator of a work of extermination." Of course Professor McCurdy's position was sharply criticized, but from the very limited yet apparently painstaking report which appeared in the "News" it does not appear that any satisfactory explanation was given or that any reasonable conclusion was arrived at. Professor Caven was exceedingly inconclusive. For instance, he is quoted as saying, "If you say God never did such and such to Israel, with regard to the Canaanites, the question arises, whether God is not doing similarly at the present time. Thoughtful minds need to go deeper and find a principle applying to all the terrible suffering in the history of the world."

Professor Gregg understood that Professor McCurdy was disputing the veracity of the Pentateuch, and "that prevented trolling hand was not to God," he did not consider himself and responsible for all the mysteries involving what appear to us to be cruelties inflicted and sufferings caused in God's dealings to-day and at all times. The questions raised have troubled the minds of generation after generation of Sunday school scholars and theologians, and it hardly seems possible for a tenable position to be taken while still maintaining the verbal inspiration of the entire Bible.

HENRI BOURASSA has asserted that the Toronto Canadian Club is more separatist in its aims than the recently organized Canadian National League of Quebec. Mr. Parker, president of the Canadian Club of this city, issues a flat denial of Mr. Bourassa's assertion. I have carefully avoided any comment on the organization of the Empire Club or the attitude of the Canadian Club, believing that nothing but harm can be done by making invidious comparisons or asserting what are the exact tenets of either organization. There can be no absolute unity of purpose or solidarity of belief in clubs composed of hundreds of young men whose opinions are admittedly in a formative stage. A danger which should be avoided by thoughtful and prudent people is that of dubbing any social and literary coterie of young men as belonging to a "separatist" movement. Nothing is so likely to irritate an organization and drive it into an extreme position as continual and foundationless charges that it is saturated with this or that belief. I believe strongly in the unity of the Empire; others believe the same with more or less decided mental reservations as to a common fiscal policy; others believe in it without regard to fiscal or defence policy at all. In our hearts we are all Britishers if we except a few Fenians and half a dozen annexationists who would have little to say; and if certain newspapers and public speakers were to cease spreading unfounded reports as to the meaning of this organization or that, it would not take us long to settle in peace upon ground common to us all.

IT seems almost incredible and certainly is without parallel in mechanical development that the first crude device of a great public necessity like the telephone switchboard should remain unimproved for a quarter of a century with its patents all expired and its original inefficiency growing year by year more exasperating. Though the Bell Telephone Company is introducing some improvements, Toronto at least has noticed no great benefits, though each change has afforded an excuse for an attempt to extort higher rates. If we are to believe the Bell people, telephone rates must increase rather than diminish with the size of the exchanges. In New York, where there are about three times as many telephones as there are here, the rate is nearly six times higher. The new system now being exhibited here and described in our news columns this week, is on an entirely different principle and promises not only relief from our present telephone troubles, but the beginning of an entirely new era in this class of communication. What can be done is being demonstrated, and the description is well worth reading.

THE English papers are full of talk and tiffs about "brain fag," and it is, what it is, and where the mischief it is taking its victims. One man declares that there is no such thing, as it is only another fancy name for the feeling of lassitude produced by an insufficiency of occupation (to put it pleasantly), and straightway a tearful article appears in the next issue of the "Daily Mail," assuring the public that brain fag is the very worst of all physical ills, for, as soon as the brain gets a fag on, you see things all wrong and life becomes as dry as the latest breakfast food. The truth of the matter probably is that some enterprising journalist, finding that the times are unexciting and the fiscal policy a topic to be shunned, has dished up our old friend, "overwork," or nervous prostration, with a relish by way of brain fag, just as the resourceful landlady rolls the hash into balls and names the revolution "croquettes." However, the people in the Mother Country are talking and writing brain fag, while the colonial readers of the resulting correspondence are beginning to believe in the complaint.

THE Winter Fair at Guelph, now being held, overtops all others of its kind. To those living in towns and cities, with the exception of Guelph itself, the importance of bringing together breeders of live stock is apt to be underestimated; indeed, the breeding of fine stock itself has by no means been recognized as the great factor it is in Canada's



THE SIEGE OF RENFREW.

Napoleon Whitney and his "Old Guard" of purifiers on the march.

been a good business man you would not be in the difficulties you are, for you went far afield seeking opportunities of becoming suddenly rich, with the result that you became, as you admit yourself, suddenly poor, and many, many others got badly injured, and some involved in abject financial ruin and despair in the same campaign. I did not feel revengeful, nor did I criticize you nor endeavor to embarrass you; neither did I criticize the Government nor endeavor to embarrass them, because I failed to get something I desired. I was not looking for prominence in the matter, for I think that at least ten thousand people could tell you the name of the editor of this paper, while I doubt if there are more than ten men in the Province of Ontario, not connected with the Government, the Commission, or concerned in obtaining contracts, who could tell you either the names of the Temiskaming Commissioners or how many of them there are. The pay certainly was not a great temptation, and I hope I am built on a little larger plan than you would lead the public to believe. Probably you are looking in at your own soul and seeing a distorted personage which you mistake for me, and it is silly for you to talk about my "desire for revenge," as if you had been in daily fear of assassination. Did you feel this sort of wild "desire for revenge" when a couple of years ago you were defeated in your candidature for the reeveship of the Township of York? If not, why should you think that trifles make men bitter and revengeful, or that "ever since the day of our suspension no calumny concerning our affairs that did I criticize you with malice and all uncharitableness and other absurd motives, how does it help your case, even if my motives were of the meanest kind? If I admit everything you say with regard to the Railway Commission, does that make you right or me wrong? It seems to me that it simply proves that you acted the part of an egotistic busybody, and instead of the public having any sympathy for you in trying to push other people off the ladder so that you might seem strikingly conspicuous in your ascent, I imagine that you were subsequent developments they will consider that you were altogether too hasty and might very well have minded your own business. Unless I am misinformed, I am not the only one who has undeservedly felt your elbow in his ribs; indeed, I am probably only one of several who, when you were in your plenitude of power, got sharply pushed. I confess that if you are a good type of business man I have reason to be thankful that I was built after a different pattern. As chairman of the Railway Commission your issue of Temiskaming bonds fell absolutely flat and had to be withdrawn for lack of buyers. This, too, when the bonds were backed by the magnificent credit of the Province, which has always been able to borrow whatever it desired. It is imprudent for a man whose name appears to have hoodooed those bonds to become reminiscent and talk about others not being seriously regarded as business men.

Again, were the bankers "actuated by pique" and a "desire for personal revenge" when they met months before your suspension and practically forced you, it is said, to curtail your wildest stock gambling to the extent of nearly \$9,000,

make no appeal for sympathy." Certainly, if you have appealed for any such gentle sentiment you have done it in an extraordinary tone of voice. Your very abusive letter with regard to myself is only patterned after the peculiarly offensive attitude you assumed toward the attorney for the liquidator when you were being examined, and the tone is gentle compared with the one you adopted in dictating the settlement with the beggared Atlas Loan.

By the way, we have heard much about A. E. Wallace as president of the defunct Atlas Loan, and but little or nothing of A. E. Wallace, the partner in the great banking firm of A. E. Ames & Co., who was so summarily sent adrift. How is this? Why did you take him in as a partner? He was not a broker or a bookkeeper, nor was he an experienced financier; he was not even a person you could "regard seriously as a business man." What did you get him for? In turn of parlance, was he your "tout"? What did he do? Was he to fish, cut bait, or put the catch? He hadn't money enough of his own to make him worth while. Now that the question of motives has been raised, may I ask, wasn't it because he had control of other people's money? Why did you start a savings bank and give a high rate of interest if it was not to get hold of other people's money that you might have a bigger try as a get-rich-quick artist? One cannot but smile at a sentence in your letter, "I have lost considerable money, but one does not mind that—very much." That "very much" sounds "very much" like the "hardly ever" gag in "Pinocchio." If you did not like money, what were you chasing after when you were the means of getting so many people into dire distress? I suppose you don't mind getting people into distress—very much.

In conclusion you remark, "One's character remains, and a spark of manhood should prevent its being impugned by the class of criticism which could only be fairly meted out to one who has enriched himself by victimizing others, rather than to one who is doing his utmost to arrange that all creditors be paid in full and has withheld no personal asset or resource in the attempt to accomplish that result." As to your character remaining, I have nothing to say, you are welcome to it, but I really cannot see much difference between one who has enriched himself by victimizing others and the one who in reckless endeavor to enrich himself only succeeds in victimizing others—or even seriously endangers others. The difference is merely one of success rather than morals. You accuse me, by my criticisms, of lessening your ability eventually to pay your creditors in full. I certainly should be sorry to make their dividend a dollar less by anything I have said, and I am sure my criticisms will not have that effect; in the Atlas Loan affair I believe I rather helped the creditors out. If your assets are valuable and the market turns out good, you can doubtless succeed in paying, or in borrowing sufficient to pay, what you have promised; otherwise unless your friends come strongly to your help, you and your creditors may be left in the lurch. What I say, or have said, will have no effect either way; it is a matter of dollars and cents, not sentiment. Besides, you know, I am not "seriously a business man," just a mere newspaper man, and what I say "has little influence."

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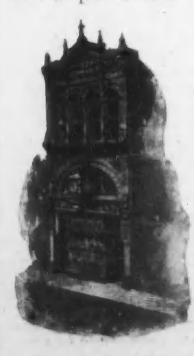
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agricultural progress. At the big live stock fair in Chicago, Canada made a magnificent showing and in several important classes took nearly all the prizes. Canada is being recognized as leading the New World in the production of live stock for agricultural purposes—and when we say Canada it really means Ontario. The Agricultural College of this province is second to none in the world, and while every credit must be given to the splendid class of farmers we possess, without regard to politics it is fair that we should express our appreciation of the work done by the Agricultural Department of the Government. I can very distinctly remember the ridicule that was heaped on the "theorists" and "book farmers" who laid the foundation of our excellent system, and even yet those farmers who do not take advantage of what the Government offers them in the way of assistance and instruction are apt to sneer as they grow poor following worn-out methods. Everything that has been accomplished has not been in Ontario, but with this province as the main center Manitoba and the North-West have rapidly developed magnificent herds, and the Eastern provinces, though largely following lines of their own, have also been benefited. Nothing is too good for the Canadian farmer, for he is the backbone of the Dominion. What it has cost for experimental farms and object lessons in all kinds of agricultural pursuits doubtless yields the largest dividend of any expenditure of public money made by either the Dominion or the provinces. Without in the slightest desiring to rob Guelph of her annual fair, it has been made apparent this year that that city is too small to accommodate the ever increasing number of visitors to the fair, and the show should be moved to Toronto.

THE success achieved by the Citizens' Committee in selecting candidates for the School Board is unlikely to repay the members of the committee for undertaking an arduous and thankless task. No sooner is a really good candidate captured than another good one finds reason for attempting to escape. Nevertheless, if the movement only secures the election of two or three good men who would not otherwise have become available, the committee will have done a good work. Mr. B. E. Walker set a good example in accepting nomination and remaining in the field, even though it goes against his sense of the fitness of things to be hatched tandem with a number of candidates who use cheap electioneering devices and do not hesitate to ask their friends to "plump" for them. The majority of the nominations made by the committee I think are good ones, though, as it has been suggested, it might have been much more acceptable to the public had they taken but half a dozen of the best names, or on the other hand had presented a score of acceptable candidates. The difficulties of voting under the new system, however, are so great that the nomination by the committee of a full ticket will be of great use to the electors when they mark their ballots, for they can clip out the lists and fill in the blanks in the polling-booth without any trouble. The fact that everyone is anticipating so much confusion on election day may be sufficient to induce the electors to make a study of the system and go to the booth knowing exactly what to do. It is to be hoped that it will turn out so; certainly if no preparation is made as many ballots will be spoiled as are properly marked, and it will take the deputy returning officers all night to make up their returns.

AS it would be idle to fight the street and radial railway companies for concurrently terminating franchises while letting the city drift into the hands of an Electrical Power Trust, capable of putting the screws on Toronto when a new deal has to be made some eighteen years hence, it is pleasant to hear the enthusiastic optimism of Mr. P. W. Ellis in speaking of what can be accomplished by the Niagara Power Commission. This commission, it will be remembered, was the outcome of municipal appeals to the Legislature for rights to procure and transmit electrical power obtainable at Niagara Falls. Mr. Ellis believes that if the municipalities unite, as it is proposed they shall, the towns and cities within a radius of a hundred and twenty-five miles of Niagara Falls will effect an annual saving in power and light of \$3,000,000, a sum sufficient to pay interest at four per cent. per annum on an outlay of \$75,000,000 of capital. His estimate puts electric lighting under the new system at one quarter the present rate, and reduces the price of electrical power to one-half. The greatest benefit, however, will be the freedom of public corporations and municipalities from the monopoly of huge concerns which practically will have the people, both organized and individually, by the throat. For instance, if Toronto is not prepared with a proper power scheme when the present lease of the Toronto Street Railway expires, it will be almost impossible to get away from the present holders, who under various names are trying to control the transmission of electric energy from Niagara Falls to this city. Bearing this in mind, and believing that Mr. Ellis is quite within the mark when he speaks of the possible reduction in rates, it is to be hoped that every civic effort will be made to uphold the hands of the Commission, already greatly strengthened by the addition to it of Mr. Ross, the well-known electrical engineer of Montreal.

PRESIDENT QUIN of the Milwaukee School Board, described in the despatches as "a prominent Roman Catholic," declared recently in an address before the Milwaukee Teachers' Association that he could not understand how Cardinal Gibbons could pronounce "the public schools vicious." "I very much regret," said he, "this attack upon the one institution on which, in the minds of all Americans, the future welfare of the Republic rests. What could our vast heterogeneous nation be without our public schools? It would be a nation of sectarianism and acrimonious conflict, each sect fighting for a share of the school tax. Every true American will forever oppose such a movement."

It is just "such a movement" which is perpetually going on in every country in the world where Roman Catholics, or any other sect, obtain considerable influence. Certainly it is a snag upon which politicians and governments are forever bumping in this country.



Mrs. James' second "Monday" comes next week, December 14th being one of the dates on which she is "at home" during the season. On the first Monday chosen very large number of friends called, making themselves easily at home over the afternoon tea cups.

Captain Harold Bickford and Mrs. Bickford leave for England on Monday.

One of the six engagements was announced on Wednesday in the papers. It was that of Miss Florrie Patterson, daughter of Mrs. Fred Patterson, and Mr. Millicamp of the "St. George." For the last fortnight friends have been congratulating the happy fiancés.

A woman's club, which has been quietly on the tapis for some time under the auspices of Miss Merritt, Mrs. Lionel Clark and some other equally conservative and prominent women, may shortly become an institution of the city. The very up-to-date and progressive club of which I spoke last week is in abeyance for the present owing to the change of heart experienced by the management of the King Edward, who have reconsidered the idea of providing accommodation for the club in the hotel. As I mentioned, the plans for the club's housing were not complete when I wrote, and did not mature as the club promoters hoped and expected. Therefore I am looking forward to some advance on the part of the committee of the first club mentioned whose aims and ideas are not so ambitious. A really good first-class woman's club would be a great boon to a great many women in Toronto.

A pretty and very popular tea was given by Mrs. Elmore Hawke (nee Trow) of Carlton street last Saturday afternoon, at which Dr. and Mrs. Hawke received together and greeted a large number of guests, both sexes being well represented and "all the doctors in town," said a girl guest, being present. Mrs. Hawke wore a reseda green dress trimmed with white guipure lace. The house was decorated in yellow 'mums and red shaded lights, and the tea-table was in charge of Miss Lister, Miss Josie Bull, Miss Enid Wornum and her cousin, Miss Doherty. Mrs. Hawke is a comparatively recent comer,

having been a Toronto hostess for about two years, I think, but she has gained an enviable reputation for kind and generous hospitality. Her two brothers are Dr. Trow and Mr. Trow of Earl street. After the tea Mrs. Hawke gave a theater party for her fair assistants and a supper afterwards at her home, which were both most enjoyable.

Mrs. George Warren of 205 Gerrard street east has sent out cards for a tea on next Thursday afternoon from half-past four to seven. Miss Warren, who recently returned from England, is looking extremely well this winter, and was, I am told, quite the fairest of the fair at the Delamere dance on Tuesday evening.

The Temple assembly-room was a bright and festive sight on Tuesday night, when Mrs. T. D. Delamere's dance was in progress. There were many number of young girls, plenty of dancing men, and that sprinkling of the older people without whom no party is complete. The dance was rather in the nature of a farewell festivity for Mrs. Bickford, mother of the hostess, and Captain Harold Bickford, both of whom leave many friends in Toronto who will miss them. Mr. and Mrs. Delamere and Miss Elsie Keefe received, and the merry dance was soon on train, and kept up until rather an advanced hour. The guests looked particularly well and so many of the first fruits of the season, the radiant debutantes, with at least one little bud (a semi-ready, as the boys call them), were at this dance that it was more than usually attractive and bright. The orchestra played on the dais, which was banked with ferns, and the musicians' gallery and many seats ranged around the ball-room with the two little cosy flirtation-rooms on either side of the dais, were used for sitting out. Supper was served in the banquet hall beside the ball-room, at quiet tables, which were attended by neat waitresses. Altogether the dance was a huge success, and adds to the not too large number of such festivities of the ante-Noel season.

Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie's tea on Wednesday was the occasion of the home debut of sweet Miss Nesta Mackenzie, one of the cleverest and most charming buds who has been added to the bouquet this year, and who had her first taste of social life at Mrs. Cassels' dance. The snow came, but so did the invited guests at the tea hour, and Miss Nesta, receiving with her mamma, met all her old friends and some new ones, who were lavish of good wishes for a happy season to the debutante.

On Wednesday afternoon the first meeting of the Chamberlain Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire, of which Mrs. Land is convener, took place in the Woman's Art Association rooms in the Confederation Life building. In spite of the snowfall, there was quite a nice and certainly most interesting meeting. Mrs. Constance Rydard Boulton read a delightful paper on Chamberlain and sketched his socialistic and political achievements with a few graphic strokes. I can scarcely believe a woman wrote of the great "iconoclast" without one word of his domestic life, which has been "many and varied," but Joe might be still a bachelor for it is Miss Boulton said, instead of a thrice married man. Among the things Mr. Chamberlain is not afraid of, matrimony takes a front place. His rescue of Birmingham from a "city of slums" to its present attractiveness needs to be seen to be appreciated. Mr. Chamberlain's present interest to the Canadian public is perhaps the best excuse for the title of the new chapter, apart from his own engaging personality. During the meeting short definitions of some of the watchwords of his party were given by the ladies asked to so lay them before the company, and one very clear and well expressed was sent by an earnest Imperialist, Mrs. Fletcher Snider, who wrote from a bed of pain a most able little paper. Tea was served after the meeting, and the handsome work from Lower Canada looms which draped the lounges about the room was much admired. Several purchases have been made of the homespun for blouses, and a sweetly pretty morning wrapper might be evolved from a pair of the faint tinted tufted portieres which seem to hang fire as sellers in their proper capacity.

This afternoon Mrs. Gillespie of Avenue road and Mrs. McLeod of St. George street are giving large afternoon teas, and a bright company will dine and dance at the Hunt Club.

Last evening St. Andrew's College was en fête from half-past eight till twelve, while the Principal and Mrs. Macdonald entertained. The Male Chorus Club concert attracted a fine audience, some of whom went on to St. Andrew's.

The Halton Old Boys' reunion at the King Edward on Tuesday and the "bal pondre" at the same place on Friday are interesting their several sets. In reference to the latter event, I would ask the support of every good soul among you, as the finances of the Woman's Work Exchange need assistance, which it is hoped will be forthcoming in a liberal degree from the proceeds of this ball. The Woman's Work Exchange fills a unique place among the helpful institutions in Toronto, and many an impecunious and refined girl and woman has cause to think of it with gratitude, and contemplate any chance of its discontinuance with dismay. The devoted ladies who are so interested in its peculiar mission are naturally most anxious to gain it substantial aid by their large sale of tickets for the dance, while outsiders are quite as interested to have the dance a success on artistic and amusement lines. So may it be!

Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones, who are paying a long-promised visit to His Honor and Lady McMillan at Government House, Winnipeg, are having a very good time in the far West. Old and new friends are there in plenty and all manner of festivities. The absentees expect to leave Winnipeg on Sunday and will be home on Tuesday.

The luncheons and teas arranged for the week of December 16th are under the direction of the following ladies: Wednesday, Mrs. Melvin-Jones; Thursday, Mrs. R. A. Smith; Friday, Mrs. MacMahon; Saturday, Mrs. J. I. Davidson. They will be served in the rooms over Michie's shop in King street and the different chaperones have secured the nicest and handsomest girls of their acquaintance to attend the tables. The whole affair is under the management of the individual members and Toronto chapters of the Daughters of the Empire. Particular stress is placed upon the afternoon teas, at which fresh short-bread, home-made plum cakes and Christmas cheer and decorations are to be the attractions. These dubious dainties remind me of a funny story I heard this morning. A good friend was distributing Christmas mince pies to her proteges at the Institute some years ago, and one boy refused to tackle such fare in early morning. "Oh, but you must eat it for luck," said the patroness. "And what's lucky about eating mince pie?" asked the little Scot. "It's lucky if it don't kill you," chimed in another.

Among jolly Toronto women, one has been much missed this season, Mrs. James Grace having been absent and her house "maison fermee." I am told that Mrs. Grace intends paying her sister, Mrs. Bacon, a visit in Ottawa. She has been in Lindsay during this fall (since returning from her summer place), where Mr. Grace, sr., is in a most precarious state of health. Mr. James Grace has been living at the King Edward since the autumn. Her Toronto friends miss Mrs. Grace very much, and hope she may be back very soon.

At the "Silver Slipper" performance on one evening this week, I saw a good many well-known smart people. Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Osborne, Colonel Field, Captain and Mrs. Burnham, Mrs. Cattanech, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Smith, Miss Thomson, Mr. W. Gibson Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Mann, Miss Williams and Mrs. J. J. Kingsmill were among the number.

Next week will see a good many welcome faces in town, for a great many guests are expected for the holidays.

A Latter-Day Fable

A man was once walking along the Highway, when he met a Big Boy and a Little Boy carrying a Basket of fine Apples between them. The Man wanted the Apples very badly, and he offered the Big Boy Ten Dollars for them. But the Big Boy thought the Apples were worth more than Ten Dollars, and he refused to sell, though the Little Boy begged him to.

As the Big Boy and the Little Boy started to walk on, the Man tipped a significant Wink to the Little Boy, who at once "caught on." Snatching the Basket away from the Big Boy, he ran back with it to the Man and exchanged it for the Ten Dollars. When the Big Boy ran up to inflict Punishment on the Little Boy, the Man said he could not bear to see little boys fight, so he held the Big Boy off while he ate up all the Apples himself.

Moral: This fable teaches us that the Panama Canal must and shall be constructed by U. S.—"Life."

Wm. Stitt & Co.

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NEW FALL GOODS

Tweeds and Cloths for Tailor-Made Suits. Fancy Dress Materials for Afternoon, Dinner and Reception Gowns.

MILLINERY—English, French and New York Pattern Hats and Bonnets.

GLOVES—Our Glove Department is well stocked with all the latest novelties. Men's and Boys' Gloves.

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Old Houses

look like new when they have passed through our hands. A thorough knowledge, born of long experience, a staff of skilled workmen, and a most carefully selected stock combine to insure results which are only seen in our work. It may cost a little more but it lasts a long time and is always pleasant to look at.

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CUT GLASS

The finest cut glass made in the world is

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We have one of the finest and largest cutting shops on the continent. As well as supplying the very best quality, we save you the American manufacturers' profit and the duty.

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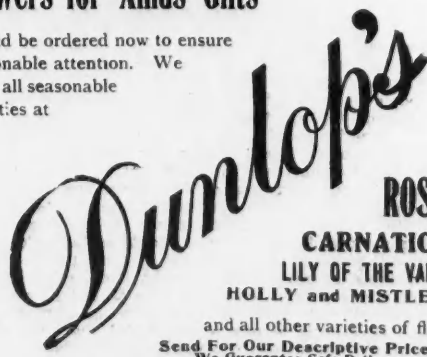
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A SUITABLE PRESENT FOR A GENTLEMAN



A "REAL" SAFETY RAZOR

PRICE, \$2.00 EACH

This is the Real Safety Razor. You can use it right or left hand and can turn to work in less than a second, you cannot cut yourself, you need no stropping machine, it strops easier and firmer than any razor. Every blade is guaranteed. We also carry them in three and five day sets neatly set in leather case.

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Art Cabinets.

We have about forty-five beautiful China Cabinets in Henry, Sheraton and Chippendale designs.

These artistic productions of the brains of three of the world's most noted furniture artists have an air of distinguished repose and dignity which they impart to their surroundings.

One feels instinctively their artistic influence in an apartment.

There is an atmosphere of elegance in their presence impossible in the *bizarre* productions of hastily-manufactured, machine-constructed goods whose chief claim to notice is a clamorous display of ill-timed ornamentation.

This splendid collection of *recherche* pieces of art are decorated richly, but quietly, with inlaid woods in delicate lines.

A Corner Cabinet (Sheraton), like the illustration, is priced at \$35.00.

One in the same style of design, 43 inches long, is \$80.00.

A 52-inch Sheraton may be had for \$115, and it is a beauty.

A lovely Marigold design is priced at \$80.

Three magnificent Henry's are worth respectively \$100, \$150, and \$175.

Extended description of these pieces would be useless, as an adequate idea of their beauty may be had only by inspecting them.

For Dining, Drawing, Reception or Sitting rooms.

These Artists' designs only in mahogany.

John Kay, Son & Co.

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Benefits of Perspiration.

The real benefit of the Turkish Bath is from the perspiration it induces. Perspiration carries off poisonous acids which cause rheumatism and gout.

It opens the pores and rids the system of the grippe germ, clears up the mucous passages in the head and gives that feeling of buoyancy one feels in getting rid of a cold.

Cook's Steam Room is the best equipped steam room on the continent for inducing free perspiration.

If your habits are sedentary, your health requires the Turkish Bath regularly, and you can get no better bath in America than at Cook's.

Prices, 6 to 9 p.m., 75c. Before 6 p.m., during day and all night, including sleeping accommodation, \$1.00.

A dainty Bill-of-Fare at all hours.

COOK'S TURKISH BATHS

202-204 King Street West

TORONTO

Evolution of the Telephone.

SOMEONE told me the other day about a wonderful new invention. Of course wonderful new inventions in these days are not so very wonderful, but this one seemed to have possibilities in the direction of eliminating a lot of life's minor worries, the pin-pricks of business as it were.

The story of this invention appealed to me, and I think it will be good reading to at least 6,000 people in this city who use the telephone, and many more who don't but would like to and cannot because the price is just a little too high.

One of the most interesting afternoons I ever spent was in studying the fascinating workings of this really new and, I believe, great invention.

Like so many other great inventions, it is really an improvement, and, like many other improvements, this one is the perfecting of a great invention as yet imperfectly worked out.

To show what I mean, let us glance at one or two inventions which, with the aid of their later improvements, have helped to revolutionize many conditions in this old world of ours.

Stephenson's first locomotive was a rickety, wheezy, shaky, ramshackle contrivance. "Puffing Billy" was a wonder in his time, but the improvements which have given us the thundering, giant Moguls, hauling trains of palaces on wheels are more wonderful.

Nearly every invention that is great has been made so by its improvements. We no longer telegraph one message one way on one wire. We telegraph around the globe in seconds, and send a dozen messages simultaneously on one wire in both directions. We light great cities with electricity; we operate intricate trolley systems effectively. We print newspapers so rapidly that the first printing presses are to-day merely curiosities of obsolescence, and so we could go down the line of nearly all great inventions and discoveries and find that the improvements upon the original inventions have given them their real greatness.

A Lone Exception.

There is perhaps only one great invention in general use which has not been improved upon, and which, after more than twenty-five years' use, is practically constructed and operated upon the same principle upon which it was originally designed. That is the manual switchboard of that most essential requirement of modern business, the telephone.

Strange as it may sound, the manual

switchboard of to-day is practically the same as it was given to the world a quarter of a century ago. The same multitudinous and cumbrous system of connections, the same expensiveness of operation, the same disproportion in the cost of installing and operating larger systems as against that of smaller ones, the same old inefficiency, the same lack of secrecy. The few minor improvements which have been added have served only to increase the cost of construction and operation, while its efficiency is, if anything, less than it ever was. These are facts known to and admitted by every telephone user in this city.

And who shall say, in this age of invention and incessant mechanical improvement, that the antique, original crudity of the telephone exchange cannot be improved and developed to a stage of efficiency far beyond its present unsatisfactory condition?

Then why not a mechanical "switchboard" for the telephone?

A Bit of History.

Eleven years ago a little syndicate of Brantford business men, the birthplace of the Bell telephone, was formed for the purpose of bringing into existence a successful mechanical switchboard. It was believed it could be done, but no one at that time had the remotest idea how. Two bright young men, brothers, with a genius for mechanics and electricity, were selected and trained in the best technical schools on the continent for the sole purpose of working out this problem. It was gone about deliberately and with calculation.

And now, after eleven years, we have the Lorimer machine telephone, which to-day bears to the Bell telephone the same relation that the modern Mogul engine does to Stephenson's first locomotive.

It is not the purpose of this article to tell of the vicissitudes of eleven years of alternate hope and failure and final triumph of the Lorimer brothers. Their path, compared with that of most inventors, was a bed of roses. Backed by a syndicate with plenty of means and abundant faith in ultimate success, they were freely provided with ample facilities for pursuing their work. A splendid machine shop, fully equipped, skilled assistants, sound business management and plenty of capital made the road to success comparatively certain, if not easy.

And that explains why this machine, almost unheralded, comes suddenly into public notice, a perfected apparatus, performing its functions in a matter-of-fact,

every-day way, just like a printing-press or a threshing-machine. Very unlike so many great inventions that bob up with an "if" or a "but" attached to their future, this machine is now ready, for a financial consideration, to go anywhere and do, within a day or so of its arrival, the business for which it is designed and built.

It is safe to say that in all the realm of invention no great discovery has ever before been put upon the market in such a condition of perfection as the Lorimer machine telephone. Not only is the machine itself perfected, but all the special machinery for building it most economically and effectively has been worked out and built. The exact cost of building it is now a known quantity, its workability is thoroughly demonstrated, and its weaknesses have been corrected by years of study and experiment of the inventors at their own expense. There is a vast difference between the invention whose weaknesses are discovered by the user at his expense and the one whose weaknesses the inventors discover and correct at theirs.

The Lorimer and Bell Principles Contrasted.

The elemental principle upon which the Lorimer machine telephone is constructed is probably the only one upon which a successful mechanical Central can ever be built. Not until this principle was adopted did the Lorimer brothers themselves succeed in producing a practical machine, though they had previously tried many others and failed.

The principle is based upon the percentage of lines in actual use at a given time. Herein lies the secret of its efficiency, of its economy in construction and operation, and its huge advantage in these points over the Bell manual system.

The Bell manual switchboard must provide individual equipment for every line in the exchange, also individual batteries and other equipment in the instruments, which under the Lorimer system are entirely eliminated. On an average 90 per cent. of the vast and intricate equipment of a manual exchange is idle. Only 10 per cent. of it is constantly in use.

This 10 per cent. the Lorimer machine provides for, and so elastic is its applicability that it can readily be increased or decreased as conditions require.

The Lorimer machine provides accommodation only for the highest percentage of lines in actual use, which may vary from 3 to 30 per cent., but averages about 10.

Installation Costs Compared.

A manual board must be built large enough to afford individual equipment for all the subscribers who may come in years hence. A manual switchboard cannot be increased after it is built. To increase it it must be destroyed utterly. When completed its cost is represented in labor and material which cannot be re-utilized.

The Lorimer machine telephone can commence business with an equipment within a hundred or less of its actual requirements. It is built in units of 100. Every time it is necessary to increase its capacity a new unit is added. No dormant capital is tied up in equipment in anticipation of business to come years after installation.

The larger a manual switchboard is built the greater is its proportionate cost. Its cost increases on the square. In a 5,000 exchange, with operators handling 80 lines—a very large average—each section of eighty has 5,000 jacks, with 15,000 soldered connections, or nearly a million for the whole exchange. That is why the Bell company argues that a large list of subscribers does not imply cheaper rates. It means, on the contrary, greater investment in proportion to business done, increased operating expenses, higher telephone rates.

It costs no more in proportion for a 5,000 Lorimer machine exchange than for 500. The system is increased by merely adding new sections of 100. For every section only 45 inter-connections are required, and one for each line in the section. The number of connections is the same proportion for a 5,000 exchange as for a 500, while in the manual it increases with almost incredible rapidity.

A Lorimer machine exchange can never be outgrown because it can be increased as required, in sections of 100, and at the same cost for the last 100 as the first.

Operating Expenses Contrasted.

Operators' wages in the Bell manual system vary from \$5,200 for a 1,000 exchange to \$31,000 for a 6,000 exchange. For the Lorimer machine exchange one man looks after the whole plant in either case.

Interest on investment, depreciation and maintenance of the Bell in excess of the Lorimer machine for a 6,000 exchange is \$25,000 per year.

For a manual exchange an expensive building capable of appropriately housing a large staff of employees must be provided. The Lorimer machine has no nerves, it does not breathe, its eyesight is not affected by poor light. Any sort of place not detrimental to machinery will accommodate it. It requires only a fraction of the floor space of the manual.

Lorimer System Assures Low Rates.

The economy of cost of installation, the facility for extension at proportionate cost, absence of waste or dormant capital, economy of operation and low interest and depreciation charges on plant make low rates permanently possible.

I am assured by the inventors that the price of Lorimer telephones will be just about half the rates at present in force in this city.

Lorimer and Bell Services Compared.

When a call comes in to the Bell Central the operator asks the number required. A call is indicated by the dropping of a "fall" above the number of the phone calling. After the number is given, the operator inserts a metal plug on the end of a tinsel cord into the hole of the number wanted. She then rings up the line called for, and the connection is complete.

Instead of the human operator the Lorimer machine has a device called the "Decimal Indicator" on each section of 100 lines. Every four seconds the "indicator" comes in contact with every line (100) in the section. When a call comes in the "indicator" pauses the fraction of a second, an electric impulse is flashed to the "Division Starter," and the machinery to complete the connection with the number required performs the operation in eight to ten seconds. Meantime the "indicator" goes on about its business, looking for more calls.

When the connection is complete the

subscriber himself rings the bell of the line called.

The quality of the service of the manual switchboard depends entirely upon the alertness, intelligence and willingness of the operator. In the Lorimer system only a machine which is always working yet never "busy" does the work unerringly and promptly. It makes its connections with mechanical certainty, precision, promptness and the secrecy of inanimate metal.

Instead of the tinsel cord which weakly conducts the electric current, causing breaks and chokes and that exasperating "far-off" effect to the voice, the contacts are all of tightly-fitting German silver "jacks," which conduct the current perfectly and give a clear resonant conversation.

No line can be out of order longer than four seconds without that fact being discovered by that ceaselessly revolving "Decimal Indicator." When a line is found out of order a warning bell is rung, which calls the attendant to the spot.

It is impossible for a subscriber to get any other number than the one he calls; it is likewise impossible for a third person at Central to overhear a conversation. The Lorimer system gives absolute secrecy.

All the electric current for the talking, ringing and calling circuits is generated at the central exchange. There are no batteries or generators in the subscribers' phones to dry up and become weak or to get out of order.

The Lorimer machine assures towns and villages of an all-night service because the batteries which operate the lines are sufficient to furnish the small power required to run the machine. It requires one horse-power to drive ten sections for 1,000 subscribers.

To Make a "Lorimer" Call.

The subscriber sets the dial on his instrument at the number required, pulls down the lever at the side and waits till it returns to its original position, about eight or ten seconds. He is then ready to ring the called line by pressing a push-button on the face of the telephone, and to continue doing so till he is answered. Simple, isn't it? And not a human ear but the person talked to to hear the conversation! Nothing but an inanimate mass of metal between the speakers—no cutting in, no officious enquiry of "Finished?" no cutting out before the conversation is completed, no waiting for Central to answer the ring, no exasperating wait for Central to re-ring the called line when it does not answer.

If the line called is busy there will be silence. That is the "busy" answer. If the line is not busy the vibration of the bell on the called line is distinctly audible, and that tells that the connection is complete and the line called is available. No line can be connected with a busy line. When a line is busy a magnet prevents any other connection being made.

When a conversation is completed all connections in Central are instantaneously off by the action of hanging up the receiver and a new one can be rung in instantly. When contrasted with the difficulty of getting a manual Central for

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The quality of one of these will be prized long after the cost has been forgotten. You could not select a Xmas Gift which more perfectly combines beauty with utility.



No. 18334.	Open Face Gun Metal Chatelaine Watch with any Raised Silver Monogram.....	\$10.00	No. 18338.	14k. Heavy Solid Gold Case, "Kyrle Bros." 15-Jewel Movement.....	\$48.00
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	Same, 14k. Heavy Solid Gold Case.....	42.00		Same, Finest 25-year Gold-Filled Case, "Kyrle Bros." 18-Jewel Movement.....	27.00
No. 18336.	18k. Heavy Solid Gold Case, "Kyrle Bros." Superior Grade Movement.....	50.00	No. 18340.	18k. Heavy Solid Gold Case, "Kyrle Bros." 18-Jewel Movement.....	60.00
No. 18337.	18k. Heavy Solid Gold Case, "Kyrle Bros." 16-Jewel Movement.....	35.00		Same, 14k. Heavy Solid Gold Case.....	50.00
	Same, 14k. Heavy Solid Gold Case.....	30.00		Same, Finest 25-year Gold-Filled Case.....	30.00
	Same, 25-year Gold-Filled.....	20.00			

All but 18335 and 18336 may be ordered in Open Face at the same prices.

All but 18335 and 18336 may be ordered in Open Face at the same prices.

Ryrie Bros.

Jewelers

COR. YONGE AND ADELAIDE STREETS, TORONTO

subscriber himself rings the bell of the line called.

The quality of the service of the manual switchboard depends entirely upon the alertness, intelligence and willingness of the operator. In the Lorimer system only a machine which is always working yet never "busy" does the work unerringly and promptly. It makes its connections with mechanical certainty, precision, promptness and the secrecy of inanimate metal.

Instead of the tinsel cord which weakly conducts the electric current, causing breaks and chokes and that exasperating "far-off" effect to the voice, the contacts are all of tightly-fitting German silver "jacks," which conduct the current perfectly and give a clear resonant conversation.

No line can be out of order longer than four seconds without that fact being discovered by that ceaselessly revolving "Decimal Indicator." When a line is found out of order a warning bell is rung, which calls the attendant to the spot.

It is impossible for a subscriber to get any other number than the one he calls; it is likewise impossible for a third person at Central to overhear a conversation. The Lorimer system gives absolute secrecy.

All the electric current for the talking, ringing and calling circuits is generated at the central exchange. There are no batteries or generators in the subscribers' phones to dry up and become weak or to get out of order.

The Lorimer machine assures towns and villages of an all-night service because the batteries which operate the lines are sufficient to furnish the small power required to run the machine. It requires one horse-power to drive ten sections for 1,000 subscribers.

To Make a "Lorimer" Call.

The subscriber sets the dial on his instrument at the number required, pulls down the lever at the side and waits till it returns to its original position, about eight or ten seconds. He is then ready to ring the called line by pressing a push-button on the face of the telephone, and to continue doing so till he is answered. Simple, isn't it? And not a human ear but the person talked to to hear the conversation! Nothing but an inanimate mass of metal between the speakers—no cutting in, no officious enquiry of "Finished?" no cutting out before the conversation is completed, no waiting for Central to answer the ring, no exasperating wait for Central to re-ring the called line when it does not answer.

If the line called is busy there will be silence. That is the "busy" answer. If the line is not busy the vibration of the bell on the called line is distinctly audible, and that tells that the connection is complete and the line called is available. No line can be connected with a busy line. When a line is busy a magnet prevents any other connection being made.

When a conversation is completed all connections in Central are instantaneously off by the action of hanging up the receiver and a new one can be rung in instantly. When contrasted with the difficulty of getting a manual Central for

a new number, after ringing off, this advantage alone is considerable. A dozen consecutive calls can be rung in on the Lorimer in the time one ordinarily can get three from the manual Central.

If a called line is busy the dial can be left set for his number, thus obviating delay by forgetting the number in the interim.

Timid householders may set the number of the fire-hall or police station before retiring and get instant connection if desired. In case of illness in the family the same may be done with the doctor's number. This would not prevent the subscriber's line being rung up at any time.

In these days of the festive strike the Lorimer machine telephone goes calmly on its way. It belongs to no union, has no walking delegate. Its hours are twenty-four per day and seven days per week.

The outside construction or wiring for the Lorimer is the same as for the manual. In this respect there is little need for improvement, as the quality of the service depends almost entirely upon the quality of material used.

The Canadian Machine Telephone Company have a 200 exchange set up at the White Swan Mills, Old Upper Canada College Grounds, where it can be seen by anyone interested.

The company have a fine new factory, nearly complete and ready for occupancy in January, at Old Upper Canada College, where they will manufacture the machines for sale. BRUCE.

A Question of Sex.



Benevolent Old Man (a bit puzzled)—And are you both boys?
Tommy (in trousers)—No, sir. Johnny's going to be one next week!

A Line of Action.

"You see," said the young lawyer, "my client is accused of bigamy and he's guilty, so I hardly know how to defend him."

"Why, that's easy," said the old lawyer. "Defend him on the ground of insanity, and get a few henpecked husbands on the jury."—Puck.

A Legend of the Orange Blossom.

Like all familiar customs the origins of which are lost in antiquity, the wearing of orange blossoms at a wedding is accounted for in various ways. Among other stories is the following popular legend from Spain:

An African king presented a Spanish king with a magnificent orange tree, whose creamy, waxy blossoms and wonderful fragrance excited the admiration of the whole court. Many begged in vain for a branch of the plant, but a foreign ambassador was tormented by the desire to introduce so great a curiosity to his native land. He used every possible means, fair or foul, to accomplish his purpose, but all his efforts coming to naught, he gave up in despair.

The fair daughter of the court gardener was loved by a young artisan, but lacked the dowry which the family considered necessary to a bride. One day, chancing to break off a spray of orange blossoms, the gardener gave it thoughtlessly to his daughter.

Seeing the coveted prize in the girl's hair, the wily ambassador offered her a sum sufficient for the desired dowry, provided she gave him the branch and said nothing about it. Her marriage was soon celebrated, and on her way to the altar, of all her happiness, she secretly broke off another bit of the lucky tree to adorn her hair.

Whether the poor court gardener lost his head in consequence of his daughter's treachery the legend does not state, but many lands now know the wonderful tree, and ever since that wedding day orange blossoms have been considered a fitting adornment for a bride.

An Art Criticism.

Her face was painted, for she was A woman up to date. She had it done by one who knew Just how to decorate.

In truth, it was a work of art. Each color was in place. She asked a beauty connoisseur: "How do you like my face?"

He raised her pinkly painted chin To get a better view. Then said: "It's very pretty, but It don't resemble you."—Chicago "Tribune"

A Kind Husband.

Lady Visitor—And was your husband good and kind to you during your long illness?
Parishoner—Oh, yes, miss, 'e just was kind; 'e was more like a friend than a 'usband.

In The Business.

Barber—They have captured the cleverest hotel robber in the country.
Mr. Stubbs—Indeed! Which hotel did he keep?

The Usual Thing.

Jones (who has walked out of a second story window in his sleep)—Oh, dear! I hope my automobile isn't hurt!



What Shall the Present be?

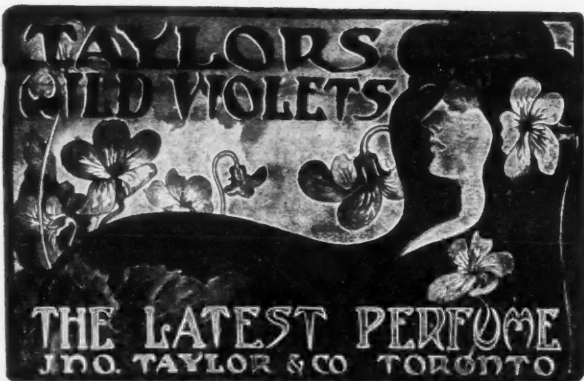
Christmas is near enough to make you think of it seriously. Can you think of anything in more perfect taste or more acceptable than nice Furs?

Be sure of your store. Nothing could be more execrable than a present of cheap, ill-made Furs. Where will you find a more reliable store than this?

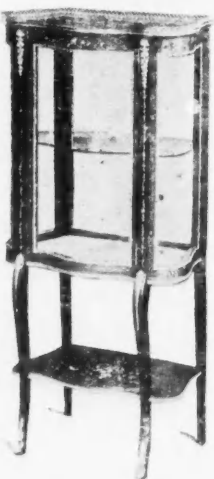
Seal Jackets, \$175.00 to	\$300.00
Persian Lamb Jackets, \$100.00 to	225.00
Electric Seal Jackets, \$35.00 to	85.00
Fur lined Coats, \$30.00 to	150.00
Fur lined Capes, \$12.00 to	50.00
Mink Sets, \$22.50 to	200.00
Alaska Sable Sets, \$18.00 to	50.00
Western Sable Sets, \$12.50 to	25.00

Men's Persian Lamb Caps, \$7.00 to - \$15.00
Men's Persian Lamb Gauntlets, \$13.50 to - 18.00

J. W. T. Fairweather & Co.
84-86 Yonge Street



ROGERS' CHRISTMAS HINTS.



Fancy Cabinets

Many years of experience in the building of Cabinets enables us this season to offer some quite exceptional values in that line.

The handsome piece illustrated above is built of solid Mahogany, and combines a dainty and graceful appearance with great strength. Bent glass sides and a bent glass door enclose a plush covered bottom,

two plate glass shelves and a plate mirror back. The decorations consist of floral paintings executed on the wood by a clever young Toronto lady artist, numerous coats of polish afterwards applied preserving them from wear or fading.

Our prices on these Cabinets are much lower than other dealers can quote for similar goods, simply because they must import and pay duty while we make and are satisfied with a modest profit on the cost of production.

\$40.00 to \$80.00

The Chas. Rogers & Sons Co.

97 YONGE STREET

Mrs. Highmore (at the opera)—Isn't she grand? What wonderful technique! Mrs. Gaswell—Ye-es, but it looks as if it pinched her about the waist, don't you think?—Chicago "Tribune."

"Do you drink?" inquired the young woman's mother. The young man hesitated. "Do you drink?" the lady repeated. "If you insist," replied the modest young man.—Cleveland "Plain Dealer."

LADY GAY'S COLUMN

THE green-hand sat awestruck before six new books, some uncut, all in their shielding wrappers, and each bearing within the cover the usual publisher's request for a "marked copy" of the notice given in the paper, for which the green-hand was to write them. A person who probably didn't mean to be rude said to me the other day: "Reviews? Oh, we all know you don't write them. You either quote from a stock criticism supplied by the publisher, or you give some half-starved, poor parson a dollar or two to write 'em up." I rather resented the remark of friend Cook-sure, and I only wished the green-hand had been there to wither with just wrath his absurd assurance. The green-hand hadn't many dollars, but would willingly have given one or more to even a poor parson who would have supplied a few hints. However, the notices had to be written, and first of all, the books had to be read. The green-hand started valiantly in at the first chapter of a stupid, involved, badly-worked-out novel, by two authors, neither of whom seemed quite awake. The advance notice of the novel had said such a pair had undoubtedly produced the book of the month. The green-hand plodded on, marking a passage here and there, and while yet not a line was traced on the virgin copy-paper, noon-hour rang out over the chimney-tops. No one but a green-hand would have imagined that those six books had to be read! But even a green-hand knew that no six notices could possibly be written before the end of the week if such were the case. The old-hand looked in. "Coming to lunch?" was what he enquired; the green-hand turned a hungry face to him. "Can't; I've got some books to look over," said he faintly. "Oh, they don't need that stuff until to-night," remarked the old-hand. "You're tackling that bigamous thing? Isn't it a shame to waste good printer's ink on such rot? Always the same stupid, mixed-up stuff those two write." The green-hand laid down the novel with a sigh. "Glad you think so. I'll have the fun of roasting them, anyway," said he viciously. "But I've got five more, and how on earth am I going to do them in one day?" The old-hand laughed. "Come and lunch," he said gaily, "and I'll show you in a few moments afterwards." When they had lunched and smoked they ambled back to the den. The old-hand glanced over the five books. "Variety, anyhow," he remarked. "Here's this story—sling it on about Canadian author. If you don't know anything of him begin 'it is said' and make up some small yarn. That needs about two sticks." The green-hand murmured something about "the devil on two sticks!" and the old-hand nodded at him appreciatively. "Scott!" said the old-hand, "another little boy story! Couldn't I belt those kids good and hard! This boy is a trifle better. Sugar him up for the Christmas trade. No—never mind about the story, son; look at the pictures. Tell about them. Then this one is one of the far ahead, open-air lot. Skim through these descriptions, get the atmosphere; it's bully! Then gush over what you're feeling. It's worth it, if only to get it off your mind. Here's a woman's book. If there's anything makes me want to chuck my job, or did make me when I had your, it was the driest of a woman about things she knows nothing about—men, for instance, or about things she certainly shouldn't know about, and breakfast with me." The old-hand tapped his fingers on the pretty book. "Say, quote this—it's really good. I'll turn the leaf down—never pencil a passage—just turn the leaf to point to it—save the hunting. And give this woman a fair send-off. She's been where she's talking. Leave this yarn on my desk when you go. One more—philosophical essays? Say, don't open it. Give the particulars of publication and author's name, and say they'll appeal (the essays) to the thoughtful and cultured, and should be on every library shelf. It's where they'd say, if I had 'em! And don't you begin to read this woman's book; I'll praise it firmly. It's above the average." The green-hand gazed at the old-hand and at the five books strewn about. The sixth was in the hand of the speaker, who sauntered to the window and began to turn over the leaves. Then he went away, followed by a shout from the green-hand, "Bring back that book, will you? How can I quote from it?" And the old-hand called from afar, "Get along with what you have, and I'll write you one myself on this." But, of course, he never did.

The reviewer is born and afterwards re-made, unlike the poet, who stays born and unalterable. If any one department of the usual up-to-date paper gives me a pain, it's the book review column. Once in a long while the reviewer writes some sentence which results in my saying to myself, "I must get hold of that book." Once in a long while I recognize the verdict of a mind so wise, so just and so appreciative that it sells the book on sight. Reviewers have a list of stock phrases, and then, they have their particular poses. There is the flippant reviewer, and the pedantic reviewer, and the discursive reviewer, and the iron-bound "sell-or-die" reviewer, to whom all is worthy and lovely, and the reviewer who has the "sample" madness and pads up his columns with sections torn, gory and bleeding, or desiccated and dusty, from the passion or the stupidity of his victim, and there is the superior reviewer and the confidential reviewer, and the simply tiresome reviewer, and half a dozen more, enthusiastic or bored, as is their pose and temper. And now and then each strikes his good work and forgets all but the fact that there are persons who may read his reviews and expect information neatly and gracefully handed out, not of how learned he is, nor what a lunny he is in, nor how big a fake he is, but just about the books he is paid to read and write of, for their guidance and entertainment. The perfect reviewer should have knowledge, data, comparison, sympathy, appreciation, judgment, intuition, patience, alertness, humor, experience, and great, but not foolish, good-will, to do his work as we need it done, and small wonder that he is as scarce almost as the reader who really knows his value.

Only once have I found it really fun-



A. E. Rea & Co., Limited, 20 and 22 Wellington St. West, Toronto

Remember when you want SUNBURST or ACCORDION PLEATING this is the place to come.

ny to be a green-hand, as, of course, I am, not more than looking at books between blinks, as it were. A woman had written a book, and she wanted it reviewed, wanted it served up in treacle and brought it in with her prettiest smile and her nicest new hat to the old-hand. This was years ago, but I recall the smile with which that wise old-hand brought in the little volume and laid it on my table. "The author is very anxious you should not see this book. She particularly requested me to do it," he said, mildly. "Say what you can for her." So I went to the treacle pot and dished up the little book very sweetly, and had the fun of hearing the authoress offensively and gratefully being lovely to the old-hand a few days later. Such small humors in the life of a green-hand do occur, and one never quite loses the good of them. I can fancy the glow of diplomacy with which the author read my carefully treasured paragraphs, and the chill it would have given her had not the old-hand kept the matter as she fancied it. I never reviewed a book so merrily in a decade as that little ewe lamb which was to be so carefully shielded from our wolfish fangs. Oh, you women! Sometimes I can scarcely hope to forget I have been one of you when I get a better chance, next time.

LADY GAY.

Our Panama.

Our men-of-war patrol your shore, Panama. You needn't worry any more, Panama: Though others long to spill your gore, Make faces at them—let them roar, But don't you care, your trouble's o'er, Panama, our Panama.

Hark to Colombia's angry shriek, Panama. It echoes forth from peak to peak, Panama. But there's an eagle with a beak—He once was rather mild and meek, This eagle bird of which we speak, Panama, our Panama.

He's got his eye on you to-day, Panama—He ain't a shriekin', but he may, Panama. He's given up the modest way, He's rather proud and gay—Fling out your flag—hip, hip, hooray! Panama, our Panama.

We'll dig the ditch and charge the toll, Panama. We'll have it under our control, Panama—You've got Colombia in a hole. The joke's on her—fill up the bowl—Here's to you, bless your little soul, Panama, our Panama.

So don't you worry, don't you care, Panama. Let others touch you if they dare, Panama. For you the future stretches fair—But if you should go in the air—Well, don't you worry, we'll be there, Panama, our Panama. —Chicago "Record-Herald."

Again on the War Path.

La Grippe has opened his winter campaign with all his old-time vigor. He is no respecter of persons, so you may be his next victim. It is, therefore, well to be prepared as far as possible, and in no other way can this be done so effectively as by fortifying the system against attack by taking FERROL, a perfect emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, Iron and Phosphorus, and, therefore, an unequalled tissue-builder, blood-purifier and nerve tonic.

In convalescence after an attack of La Grippe, nothing will so quickly and effectively restore a normal and healthy condition as FERROL. Your Druggist has it.

The Heart of The Opal.

NOW that opals have been restored to favor, and it is understood that instead of being omens of ill-fortune they are really "lucky stones," it is easy to understand why supernatural agencies have been ascribed to the fascinating gem, and it may be of interest to learn something of how to best preserve its brilliancy and beauty. There is probably no other stone so susceptible to outside influences as an opal. The stone is soft, compared with other gems, and the flashing of its colors is due to the refraction of light on the tiny scales and almost invisible fissures within the stone, which act like a prism, dividing the light and throwing out all the varying hues of the rainbow. The play of color is constantly changing. Dullness and brilliancy succeed each other with the regularity of atmospheric variations, moderate warmth having a distinct luminating effect, while much heat is capable of robbing the stone of all its beauty by drying the moisture contained in the minute cells. It is a curious fact, too, that there are vapors emitted from the human body in certain diseased conditions that are capable of rendering the stone dull and

Beauty of Form

is superior to beauty of face, so that the possession of a good figure is desirable. A tightly laced waist, however, throws the hips and shoulders out of proportion, making the lines abrupt and sharp. Many ladies, realizing this fact, have adopted a more symmetrical form of dress, the

"Venus Air Form" Corset Cover

a garment not only hygienic but light, buoyant and highly elastic, which readily adapts itself to the figure and gives nature a chance to develop. The "Venus" can be boned to support the figure so that the injurious corset can be dispensed with, or a loose corset (as illustrated here) may be worn beneath.

You can buy the "Venus Air Form" Corset Cover from us, wear it for two weeks, and if not entirely satisfactory we will refund your money. Write or telephone us and our Demonstrator will call at your residence.



Actual photograph of figure before being equipped with our Venus Air Form Corset Cover.

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COMPRISING—Old Sheffield Plate Jewellery, Fine Cut Glass, Candelabras, Old Chins, Ornaments, Dainty Furniture, etc.

These Objects of Art Form Original Presents Highly Appreciated by all, and we invite those in search of CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S GIFTS to pay an early visit of inspection.

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Christmas Decorations

Before Buying Give Us a Call

Evergreen Moss Wreathing 4c per yard.
Holly, very fancy and fresh, in lots to suit.
Tissue Paper Wreathing, 4 colors, 10 yard bundle 25c.
Holly Wreaths from 50c up.
Something New, Tissue Paper Wreaths and Stars 15c and 30c each.

A Palm

makes an acceptable Christmas Present. A large assortment to choose from, ranging from \$1.00 to \$5.00 each. Also other decorative plants.

Be sure you leave your order early for your...

Christmas Tree

as the stock is limited. \$1.00 to \$3.00 each, in sizes to suit.

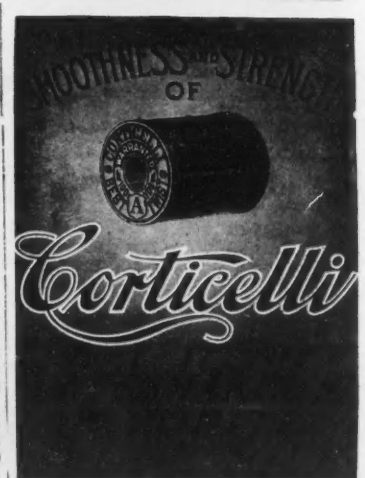
The Steele, Briggs Company, Limited.

130 and 132 King Street East. Greenhouses—Queen St. East, Beach 5.

opaque. And the fading of life and fortune and the fading of the opal may be simultaneous, but the stone is the innocent victim of the condition of the wearer, not the cause of the disaster. Sir Walter Scott, in his "Anne of Geierstein" distorts the properties of the opal to heighten the uncanny element in his story, and to carry out this plot makes use of the supernatural. To this story may be traced that "uncomfortable feeling" about an opal which people, not at all superstitious in other matters, cannot seem to shake off. If a man or a woman attempts to wear one, friends and acquaintances continually bring up the old superstition, until the uncanny stone sometimes ceases to delight. But it is time this old superstition should be sent flying after the old witch and her broomstick; for in the old days the stone was highly prized as an omen of good fortune. Most of the finest opals come from Hungary, but the principal vein has been exhausted lately, so that the gem in its finest variety is exceedingly rare.—San Francisco "Bulletin."

Women and Kisses.

There are three classes of women: 1. Women who want to be kissed. 2. Women who do not want to be kissed. 3. Women who look as though they would like to be kissed, but won't let men kiss them. The first men kiss, the second they do not kiss, the third they marry.



BONDS for the TRUSTED

Fidelity bonds for all persons in positions of trust. We issue them for officers and employees of all concerns—banks, telephones, telegraph and secret societies of all descriptions. Write for particulars.

The London Guarantee and Accident Co. LIMITED
D. W. Alexander, General Manager for Canada.
Canada Life Building, Toronto

Laces and Lace Neckwear SPECIALLY SHOWN For Christmas

Lace Neckwear.
Lace Stocks, \$1.50 to \$2.00
Yak Lace Collars, \$3.50 to \$5.00
Spanish Scarves and Fichus, \$1.75 to \$2.50
Real Lace Collars, \$1.75 to \$3.50
Lace Collars, \$1.00 to \$18.00
Lace Berthas, \$2.50 to \$15.00
Lace Ties, 90c to \$5.00
Renaissance Barbes, \$1.25
Chiffon Stoles and Jabots, 90c to \$3.00.

Lace Robes.
Embroidered Net, \$12.00 to \$60.00
Sequin Trimmed, \$25.00 to \$50.00
Silk Applique, \$30.00 to \$50.00
Sequin Jackets, \$8.00 to \$15.00
Orders from a distance, and requests to forward by Mail or Express are given special attention.

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TORONTO.
Established 1864.



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Phone M. 3249

THE CHOICEST CHRISTMAS GIFTS

The "HOOPER" kind.
EBONY—Brushes, Mirrors, Manicure Articles, Toilet Sets.
NEW PERFUMES of Rodger & Gallet, Houbigant, Piven, Finaud, Atkinson, Crown Perfumery, Colgate, Hudnut, etc., etc.
"We have the Goods." Come and See Them.

The Hooper Co.,
Limited.
PRESCRIPTION SPECIALISTS, ETC.
43 KING WEST. 467 BLOOR ST. W.

THOMAS'
English Chop House
30 KING ST. WEST

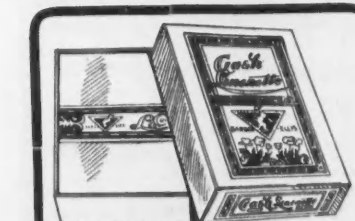
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VIOLET SEC
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Perfumed Tannin is used instead of Sachet Powder.

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Notepaper as a Gift

is popular and appreciable. Ask your stationer for our handsomely embossed pipeteries containing

Crash Linenette
a great favorite. Fac-simile of linen—blue, gray and white—envelopes to match.
The Barber & Ellis Co., Limited,
Toronto.

Social and Personal.

Miss Florence Lyle Harvey has originated a unique testimonial of the interest and affection which was the reward of Miss Rhonda Adair's sweet and sporty character in the shape of a pad calendar, on each leaf of which a verse, a paragraph, a sketch, a photo or some other original contribution has been placed by the Canadians to whom Miss Harvey mailed the detached leaves. It ought to be something very fetching and liable to give Miss Adair Canadaphobia. The best of it is that it's a lasting sort of pleasure. For a whole year Miss Adair will be tearing off her daily leaflet, with some loving or admiring word from some Canadian friend thereon. I hear some of the tributes are quite wonderful. The initiative is particularly admirable, and shows that the true sporting spirit is in the clever Hamiltonian, who relinquished the Canadian championship to the invincible little girl from the Emerald Isle.

One evening this week a particularly pleasant little supper party was given by a St. George street host to a number of musical and music-loving friends. After supper there were some excellent songs by Mrs. Garratt, Miss Mildred Stewart and Miss Robsart Jaffray. Mr. Piggott of the "Everyman" Company, whose friends remember his valuable assistance in the out-of-door play "As You Like It" on Varsity lawn last summer, sang also, and a group of songs by Mr. Blight and a fine one from Mr. Cameron, a recent arrival from England, were greatly enjoyed. Some of those who listened were Mrs. Blight, Miss Birchall, Miss Enid Wornum, Mr. O. A. Howland, C.M.G., Mr. Arthur Ritchie, Mr. George Macdonell, Mr. Charles Ross, Mr. Frank Blackford and Dr. Alton Garratt.

Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Macdougall of Quebec is expected this week to spend the Christmas vacation in town.

One of the delightful small events of the winter is the Saturday evening dinner-dance at the Hunt Club, which was given its initial with much eclat last Saturday. Both the dining-room proper and the club reception-room, with its cosy corners and wide hearths, were filled with tables large and small, at which a charming company enjoyed an excellent dinner, well cooked, well served and piping hot. Mr. and Mrs. Barwick had a party in the dining-room, Mr. and Mrs. Angus Kirkland a cosy little party of six in the west end of the reception-room. Mr. and Mrs. Magann also entertained in the reception-room. Mr. and Mrs. Osborne of Clover Hill had their guests in the dining-room. Other diners, numbering in all about sixty, were comfortably scattered at smaller tables here and there. Mr. and Mrs. Mann, Miss Williams and Miss Nesbitt of Woodstock drove out. The private car brought some of the guests home by eleven and others took the club car later on. As soon as dinner was over the tables and rugs were spirited away in short order and the piano wheeled to a coign of vantage, and to the novel and popular strains of the "Days of Old" or the "San Domingo Maid" the guests waltzed and two-stepped until it was time to say good-night. Mrs. Fisk and Mr. Macdonell, Mr. and Mrs. Beardmore and Mr. Alfred Beardmore were a Chudleigh party, Mrs. Beardmore looking most lovely and sweet, though not so robust as her friends could wish; with a couple of roses nestling among the folds of her shirred black crepe de soie frock, she was a perfect picture. Major Greville-Harston brought his niece, Miss May Harston, who is a very bright and bonny young English girl, and who was perfectly charmed with the club and the party. Some of the other guests were Major and Mrs. Victor Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Pepler, Mr. and Mrs. Lally McCarthy, Mrs. Vincent Greene, Miss Patteson, Miss Elsie Keefer, Mr. Oscar Bickford, the Misses Mackenzie of Benvenuto, Mr. and Miss Gladys Nordheimer, Captain des Voeux, Captain and Miss Elmsley, Mr. Sherwood Elmsley, Miss Thompson of Derwent Lodge, Mrs. Chadwick (nee Kemp), Miss Charlotte Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Osborne, Mr. G. T. Blackstock, Mrs. Downey, Mr. E. Cronyn, Mr. Drake, Mr. Laing, Mr. Ed Houston, Miss Daisy Boulton, Colonel Lessard, Miss Gladys Burton, Mr. "Feather" Aylesworth, Mr. Jack Moss, Mr. Sydney Small, Mrs. Rolleston Tate, Professor McGregor Young, Mr. Lissant Beardmore, Mr. Hendrie, Colonel Field, Captain Van Straubenzie, Mrs. Greville-Harston was not well enough to accompany her niece last Saturday, and she was matronized by a friend. The club looked particularly bright and attractive when the guests were all seated at dinner, and each table was centered with flowers. Coming on Saturday, generally an off night for society events, the Hunt Club dinner-dances should be a fixed engagement with the smart coterie above.

Mrs. Everard Cotes came back for another little visit to Toronto last week and was given an informal reception in the Palm Room at McConkey's on Saturday evening, under the auspices of the Canadian Society of Authors. During the evening Mrs. Cotes read an excerpt from one of her new books, "The Imperialis," and an orchestra filled in the rest of the time, with the exception of a piano solo by Miss Caldwell. Dr. Goldwin Smith, Mr. O. A. Howland, C.M.G., Vice-President Ramsay Wright, several Varsity professors and leading professional men and their better halves and many smart social lights attended the reception.

Already are the hearts of the debutantes gladdened by the holiday dance invitations which are always postponed until the various schools and colleges have given up their students for the festive season of Christmas vacation. The stalwarts from the R.M.C. will soon be with us, and their advent is always the signal for various jolly times.

A suggestion for the bal poudre is a debutante's lancers, in which each girl should have as partner a youth clad in court dress, not such a difficult thing to compass, with plenty of time to order a seemingly pair of knee breeches, silk stockings and paste buckles on the shoes. The young folks of to-day don't enter into the fun of dressing up as keenly as they did in the "days of old." A woman says it's due to the materialism and commercialism of the present hour. "Imagination had some play in the days of old," sang Raymond Hitchcock in his imitatively droll way, as the Yankee Consul. The young woman of to-day, with her sturdy and matter-of-fact tone, has lost some of

her ability to imagine herself a marquise of olden years, or to transform her bawky gallant into a cavalier, but with the "coiffure poudree" on the eighteenth and enough "pull" on some good-natured fellow to get him to don the court costume, she might easily make us fancy her a reigning beauty of the "rare old, fair old, golden days." It only needs to mention this idea to a modern girl or man to convince oneself that the inspiration of the age of chivalry is, if not dead, "sleeping like a log." "Non-sense!" says the girl. "Rubbish!" growls the man, and they cast aside the beautiful possibilities of the bal poudre and make it as little of an artistic treat as possible. But I still have hopes of some of the debutantes, for I know of eight lovely ones for a court quadrille.

The latter days of last week and also of this keep up the record of bright social doings, there having been a great scurrying up and down town on Thursday afternoon of last week by ladies trying to call at the gubernatorial mansion and take in the two large teas which were in progress from five to seven. The men had a comparatively easy time, for the teas did not include their presence, and were diversely pronounced more or less attractive on that account. I heard a little woman whose hair is white proclaim from the housesteps that men gave the crowning attraction to a tea; her particular man certainly does, but "there are others!" The Government House reception had no lack of the "crowning attraction," for men were there in shoals—dancing men, sporting men, serious men, great financiers and men of affairs, a touch of the pulpit and plenty of the law. And there were several much-welcomed guests of various hostesses in town. Miss Pope, fair and smiling, was greeted with delight by her old chums. She is visiting Miss Jones, and is the same "dear thing" she always was, and enjoying to the full her glimpse of Toronto. Miss Small came with her hostess, Miss Leverich, and Miss Wisswall of New York, another delightful girl, was also there. The big ballroom was bisected with the gigantic blue screens, as I believe there was some reconstruction necessary in the new floor, which has swelled since being laid, and had to be gotten in first-class shape for the night before last, just one more bit of work to be seen after by our indefatigable and "royal" good hosts at the gubernatorial residence. The conservatory is a bit more cosy and tempting a place to stroll than it used to be, and many slipped out from the ballroom into its cool, dim avenues of green. His Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark received together, and their daughters and Captain Law, A.D.C., looked after the visitors in the tea-room. It is difficult to realize that the young ladies are anywhere but in their own home, for exactly the same winning and cordial manners which made it one of the most delightful places to enter in the city meet the many guests, known and unknown to the fair assistants, who throng Government House on reception days. Everyone says so, and what everyone says must be true.

Mrs. Crowther's tea was a very jolly assembly of many congenial spirits in most pleasant surroundings. The even a company does not crowd it uncomfortably. Mrs. Crowther received in a beautiful Stitt gown of cream embroidered voile, a tiny clover-leaf design of white traced with black, and some exquisite Mexican wheel design silk embroidery on chiffon as its trimming. It was quietly elegant and most gracefully worn. Mrs. Willie George, in pastel blue; Mrs. MacMurchy, Mrs. T. B. Lee and the daughters of the hostess, Miss Lillian and Miss Louise Crowther, and Miss Lena Coady looked after the guests. A great many flowers were prettily arranged everywhere, the tea-table being done in pink roses. Beside the very extensive family connection who turned out almost to a woman, there were scores of the jolliest women in town, wearing such pretty gowns and hats that the Crowther home was a perfect garden of smartness and beauty. Among the many pretty women Mrs. Alan Sullivan looked quite bewitching; Mrs. Selwyn was as popular and full of fun as when Miss Mabel Lee, a short few years ago; Mrs. Alfred Mills was an admired bride, and several debutantes looked full of pleasurable excitement at rushing things in the manner compulsory that afternoon. While mamma keeps one eye on her watch and the other on the young creature in whose success she repeats her own former triumphs, the young creature rattles breathlessly on about what a whirl it is, and are you going to skate this winter? and whose is the newest engagement? and all the important nothings that seem of such crucial moment to a debutante.

The good times always bring many weddings, and weddings are foreshadowed by engagements, of which no less than six are now either public or private property in society. The latest up to date to be made public is Miss Gladys Buchanan's to Mr. Norman Segram of Watford, Mr. Lissant Beardmore and Miss Evelyn Mackenzie of Montreal were gazetted last week from the Montreal end, and upon all four fiancées many good wishes are showered. Miss Mackenzie is a very stylish, clever and attractive girl, who has had, like her Toronto fiancée, many advantages of travel and culture. I hope to add to the list of the happy couples before we go to press.

Mrs. Shoenerberger, who was assisted by Mrs. Biggar, was kept from early till late receiving at her most beautiful tea last week, for there were many of her guests who owed "visites de digestion" (as the French quaintly designate "dinner calls") at Government House, and others who went first or second to Mrs. Crowther's tea, and one or two small teas which were called at the same hour. But the sort of hostess Mrs. Shoenerberger is never shows that the reception wears her; the last scurrying woman got just the same bright welcome and pleasant smile and handshake as the first hesitating early bird. And those were the lucky ones who came early or late and had a chance to steal a few words with the dinging cream white dress, glided among the guests, welcoming, watching and waiting upon any who escaped the coaxing of the bevy of pretty young girls who attended in the tea-room. The table, centered with those vivid scarlet flowers which the papers call such weird names, but which are the Southern poinsettia, and make a regal decoration amid their huge, bright green

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leaves, was loaded with a good deal more than polonaises (which Dunlop had massed in a mound in the center and strewn among the goodies everywhere), and the maids in waiting being both pretty and beguiling, many a woman lost her appetite for dinner. Miss Tate was assisted by Miss Beatrice Sprague, Miss Keating, Miss Ethel Baldwin, Miss Egerton Ryerson, Miss Harman, Miss Rosamund and the Misses and Master Shoenerberger, a busy trio of juveniles who were both alert and speedy in attentions to the ladies. Miss Dennis of Cobourg, who made her debut last month, was with her chaperone, Mrs. Baldwin; Miss Hodgins. A picturesque and handsome dowager was Mrs. de Weber, who is at Iver Holm, as usual, for the winter. Mrs. Rolleston Tate of Lakefield was also at this tea, and one of the much-surrounded callers at Government House. Mrs. Buchanan came late, and was, as she is everywhere, overwhelmed with regrets that she may soon leave Toronto, a city where she and the jolly colonel are prime favorites. As at Mrs. Crowther's tea, the smartness and chic of the guests was marked, and there was some of the sweetest music I have heard this season from an orchestra during the reception.

The Patti concert tempted out one of those mammoth audiences which are not "all Toronto," but draw from many towns and cities in Ontario as well. The diva was radiant in pale pink and crystal. Diamonds—but everyone knows the Patti parure. The Patti voice has still its middle register in working order,

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And in advising you to visit our warerooms before purchasing, we advise you to do just what we have done ourselves: Compare. Though we are piano manufacturers we are piano choosers. We have done the thinking and picked only pianos whose reputation for musical tone, durability and superior construction in every detail are beyond dispute. It is easy for you to make intelligent comparison here. Among the many we show are:

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The Love of a Fight.

WE are all fond of fighting. That is, we all love to see it, to witness it, and some of us like to be in a fight. But we all love to see one. There are some superaesthetic and hyper-refined humans of both sexes who think they do not like to see a fight; some of them actually believe they are sincere. But deep down in the average man and woman, the love of a fight exists. It is ingrained. It is congenital. It is in the human baby. When he screams, squalls and kicks if his will is thwarted, he is fighting. So with the same baby when, grown up into a boy, he pulls his little sister's hair. It is partly, perhaps, the love of fighting, and partly, perhaps, the love of giving pain, for cruelty also seems to be part of the make-up of the human animal.

When brother goes to school and then to college—whether it be to the English "public" school or to the American "public school"—resembling each other only in name—to the academy, to the preparatory school, to the university, he speedily becomes pastmaster in cruelty. In most of these institutions he must fight. Hazing exists in every college in the country. Even the United States Government cannot stamp it out at West Point and Annapolis. In both these institutions fist-fights under prize-ring rules are of almost daily occurrence; they are masterful battles, and they have not a little to do with making stout-hearted, stalwart fighters of our army and navy officers. To those who object to these battles the unanswerable reply is that the boys are there to learn to fight, and that the way to learn to fight is to fight.

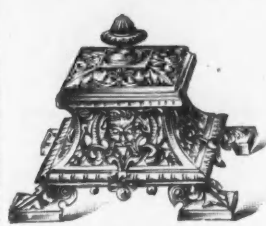
A certain number of men have to die anyway. What difference does it make whether they die of typhoid fever, beriberi, pugilistic concussion of the brain or football broken neck? The man who dies in bed of typhoid fever affords no particular amusement by the method of his ending. Drinking other people's sewage is a most unheroic way to die. On the other hand, the pugilist who is carried lifeless from the ring, or the quarterback who breaks his neck on the gridiron, thereby having "game" called, makes a dramatic ending, and gives a distinct thrill to many thousands of startled spectators.

It is very difficult to refrain from going to a convenient fight. American tourists in Spain shudder at the mere thought of going to a bull-fight, but they always go. When a street fight takes place between two sturdy teamsters, delicate women shriek, and shiver, and fly around like headless hens. But they do not leave the dreadful spot; they stay, and watch the scene as long as they can stand it. For a fight between two unscientific and determined teamsters speedily becomes a nasty sight; they soon become as muggy, muddy and bloody as well, as the star players in a football game.

We all love a fight. Our primeval ancestors loved fighting. They captured their wives by fighting. They won their wives with stone axes, wood them with clubs and managed them with switches. These fight-won wives gave birth to fighting sons. In later ages our less remote ancestors hired men to fight animals, or else used men of heterodox religious beliefs to feed to orthodox wild beasts.

In more refined ages, like those of the last two or three centuries, we have improved on that, and we get men to fight each other. It was a distinct advance in England when bull and bear-baiting went out of fashion and prize-fighting came in.

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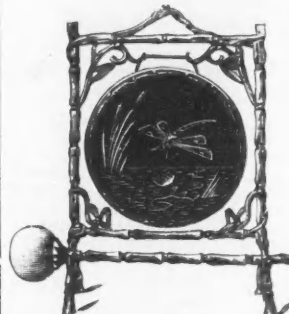
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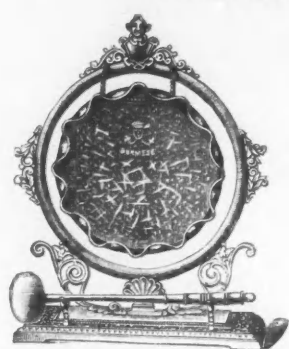
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It was about the time of the Stuart restoration that the Puritans objected to the baiting of animals. Macaulay suggests that it was not so much because it gave pain to the animals as because it gave pleasure to the spectators. In our day we have still further improved in these matters, because the contestants in our fighting spectacles are men and not animals. The men enter them of their own free will; the animals were often prodded there with red-hot irons. Thus we have improved on ancient Rome and on modern Spain.

When these towering gladiators, their locks hanging over their eyes like shaggy beasts, glower at their opponents and retire sullenly and slowly at the command of the referees—these, oh these, are the glorious moments of the football field. They are the moments when we know there is a fight. These are the times when we feel, deep down in the marrow of our bones, the fighting thrill of our primeval ancestors.

Own up, now—be honest—talk straight—don't you like the fighting part of football?—The "Argonaut."

The Czar's Nerves.

People in Darmstadt who see the Czar regularly declare that his nervousness is apparent to the most casual onlooker. He seldom speaks, and still more seldom smiles, and when driving or motoring casts furtive glances on all sides. When he is conversing with any one, or listening to anyone's remarks, his thin fingers are never still for a moment, but are playing alternately with watch-chain, rings or sleeve-studs. It is the general opinion in Darmstadt that

his Imperial Majesty's appearance has altered for the worse since his last visit to that place.

Mrs. Hayfork (in country post-office)—Anything for me? Postmaster—I was expecting a letter or postcard from Aunt Spriggs, tellin' what day she was comin'. Rural Postmaster (calling to his wife)—Did you see a postcard from Mrs. Hayfork's Aunt Sally? His Wife—Yes.

she's comin' on Thursday.—Providence "Lyceum."

"Do man dat makes a business of findin' fault," said Uncle Eben, "gits no occupation an' less results dan anybody else in de community."—Washington "Star."

"Some folks," said Uncle Eben, "gits credit for bein' lucky 'cause dey has some; an' others gits credit for bein' some 'cause dey's lucky."—Washington "Star."

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The other possessions spoke of a past that seemed, oh! so far away. One of them, carefully wrapped in chamois, was a massive brass plate, with the name "Le Feuvre" richly engraved in the ornate French style. There was a quaint vase of alabaster filled with valuable trinkets—some of them, of course, of the type that were arranged there for the benefit of the blind and the girl looked at them with interest; and steadily the faces of her parents came before her—dark, beautiful woman, who died young; her daughter was only an infant; the noble-looking father, who had been everything to their only child. One other thing—it was one she had taken from her father's desk, one he had valued and ho-

Some women there were who longed to go to the girl whose life seemed in danger of being well-nigh hopeless! darkened and stand by her in her sorrow. Plenty of men there were who, they ventured in and out of their clubs, would have given much to have met the man who was accused of forgery and whose honor seemed in jeopardy, on the threshold and given him the hand of brotherhood. But the sun went down. No man intruded on the grief of the girl, and the man was not permitted to unshroud his heart. Guilty or not guilty? Who could tell? People could talk. There was no law against that, but the

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eczema, coarse hands, ragged
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Valerie—Valerie, dear. . . . God bless—you—both.” Her father’s word. He glanced at them once more. Their eyes lingered tenderly on the girl beside him, whose own were dimmed with tears. A look of ineffable peace rested on the gaunt features. The power of a man’s sympathy and a woman’s prayer seemed to linger in the silence and the soul of Russell Manning took flight to the great beyond.

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The summer attained in the short time this Ale has been before the public is unprecedented. A single trial will convince. To be had at all hotels and dealers.

The O'KEEFE BREWERY CO.

OF TORONTO, Limited

Henry Revived.

HENRY I. was surnamed Beauclerc, which is said to be the French for "fine scholar," although his scholarship doesn't appear to us to have been so dashed fine as to warrant his making a song about it.

Henry's first act was to secure the royal treasure. From this simple little detail it is clear that although he may not have been any shakes as a scholar, he was a man of business right down to his feet. As he used to say afterwards as he sat nonchalantly on the corner of the palace billiard-table catching flies off the red, "always pinch the goods in dispute first. You can settle the question of ownership afterwards." Strictly speaking, the crown belonged to his brother Robert. But Robert was away at the Crusades having a rousing old time. He and his friends had just captured Jerusalem, and they had spent three lovely days in slaughtering seventy thousand Moslems.

On the strength of his great powers as a Moslem-slaughterer, Robert would win a beautiful bride, and when he came back from his honeymoon, Henry was already on the throne bowing his acknowledgments to the crowd.

The prospect of having a real throne to sit on caused bad blood between these two loving brothers for a long time; and after they had gone up and down their respective neighborhoods telling scandalous tales about each other, there was no way out of it but a fearful fight. Taking advantage of the tourist ticket season, Henry crossed over to Normandy with several gallant knights all armed with a variety of sticks that look very artistic on a study wall, but are confoundingly unpleasant things to take internally.

After a good deal of slashing and ripping around the neighborhood of Tenebrai, much to the inconvenience of the inhabitants and the detriment of the crops, Henry succeeded in making Robert a prisoner. Robert was brought over to England and kept in prison till he died. The historians do not say what he died of, as it was not usual to have inquests in those days, inquests being so dashed inconvenient. Possibly some rat poison got into his soup by mistake, or he ran his head against somebody's battleship in the dark and passed away with a smile. Whichever way it was, however, the facts will never be known. The ancient historian may not have had the advantage of modern civilization, but when it came to covering facts up with a duster till they had ceased to be missed, he could give points even to a modern politician.

Henry not only made a good deal of trouble during his lifetime, but he made arrangements for a continuance of the same after his death. He left the crown to his only child Matilda; and so, naturally enough, as soon as there was a vacancy, Matilda walked up to the throne and sat down on it and called "order!" The barons then explained to her that they did not wish to be ruled by a queen. What they wanted was a king who would lead them in little scuffles with the neighbors, and who could push along the good fighting industry generally. Matilda's reply is not recorded by the historian, but it is generally understood to have been "Rats!" spoken in a clear, bell-like voice of authority. Just that.

Some of the language used by the barons on that occasion was really harsh, and but for the fact that we are allied to the nobility ourselves, we should speak of it with extreme severity. The trouble began, however, when Matilda turned to the Archbishop and called him a pro-Bar. To her face. The Archbishop replied by calling Matilda a little Englander, and giving her two minutes to get off the throne or be pushed off. The somebody threw something at Matilda. During the excitement one of the barons caught hold of the throne and jerked Matilda out of it, and in the plunge she made to save herself the crown fell off and rolled under the sideboard, and the Archbishop fished it out and ran off with it. Before he could get as far as the pledgshop, however, several of the barons surrounded him, and told him that was an old dodge and that it didn't work every time. They then bowed Matilda off the premises and drew up an advertisement for the papers. As far as can be gathered from the rather fragmentary remains of the "Telegraph" of the period the advertisement ran as follows: "A.I. Wanted, a competent and reliable king for a small but rich country in the north of Europe. Must be a man of regular habits and a good fighter. Wages small but certain. A permanency for a good man. If desired, no questions will be asked. Apply by letter or by battleship to the Manager, British Isles, N.W."

And then the barons, serene in the

About Fear.

Often Comes From Lack of Right Food.

Napoleon said that the best fed soldiers were his best soldiers, for fear and nervousness come quickly when the stomach is not nourished. Nervous fear is a sure sign that the body is not supplied with the right food.

A Connecticut lady says: "For many years I had been a sufferer from indigestion and heart trouble and in almost constant fear of sudden death, the most acute suffering possible. Dieting brought on weakness, emaciation and nervous exhaustion, and I was a complete wreck physically and almost a wreck mentally. I tried many foods, but could not avoid the terrible nausea, followed by vomiting, that came after eating until I tried Grape-Nuts. This food agreed with my palate and stomach from the start. This was about a year ago. Steadily and surely a change from sickness to health came, until now I have no symptoms of dyspepsia and can walk 10 miles a day without being greatly fatigued. I have not taken a drop of medicine since I began the use of Grape-Nuts, and people say I look many years younger than I really am."

"My poor old sick body has been made over, and I feel as though my head has been too. Life is worth living now, and I expect to enjoy it for many years to come if I can keep away from bad foods and have Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich. There's a reason.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Waist Line Reduction



YOU need not look stouter than you are!

It isn't necessary to let a custom tailor burlesque you with a coat which has a skirt cut so full that you sail down town like a walking advertisement for a brewery.

We cut the big man's coat with longish skirt, and advise a "morning" "shooting" or frock coat, with the waist line higher than usual to give the appearance of slenderness.

You can pre-judge these effects in "Semi-ready" before purchasing and have it finished according to your own figure in two hours.

Semi-ready Tailoring

TORONTO 22 KING ST. WEST HAMILTON, 46 JAMES ST. NORTH

consciousness of duty done, had the beer barrel tapped and paused for a reply—"Pick-Me-Up."

Charms of The Latin Nations.

THE Latin nations have remained the world's great field of idealism. The fascination and the charm they exhale naturally allure to them all that the earth holds of the amorous and the unreal, of the definite, of dream and tradition—all who are repelled by action and reality, action and reality comprising the essence of the strong, healthy, serious and conscientious existence of northern peoples. The universal skepticism, the easiness of life, the tone, the manners, the taste prevailing throughout the Latin nations make them the playground of the world. The Latin world is a feminine force. It fascinates as a woman fascinates—a woman who lures not by means of the simple, normal attraction of her sex, but through her caprices, her surprises, her illogical ways, her weakness, her effervescence of sentimentality and equivocal seductiveness. Her nature entrances because of its lack of the virile, the brutal, because of its indifference, its lightness, its remoteness from stern life. This is the foundation of the charm exercised by the Latin nations. Add to all this their extreme maturity, so seductive to the youthful and the growing peoples—that perfume of full growth which like a magnet attracted the barbarian of centuries ago to the Roman Empire.

There remains, too, the prestige of the past, one of the most tyrannical of prestiges, preserving for the Latin nations the sympathy of all who feel horror or fear of the present. The breath of tradition, culture, wealth, exhaled by the Latin world invests it with the seduction inseparable from all ancient and opulent things. To the curious, to the amateur, the Latin world affords an immense field for observation and research. The charm of what is outside life, the prestige of the past which belongs to the past—this is the secret of the temptation which the Latin world holds out to the other nations of our earth.

"To obtain a true and lively impression of what Latin civilization stands for in the world of to-day, the simplest experiment will suffice. Leave the Latin world and look at it from without. The idea that one instinctively derives is a revelation. From England, for instance, take a look at the affairs of France, at the aspect of her civilization, her life, her ideas, all from a general point of view and not from any point of view in particular. From this angle of vision an impression is obtained like the one resulting when Spain is looked at from the standpoint of France. And if, from the same external point of observation, a glimpse is afforded into the Latin world as a whole, the ensuing impression is of something unreal, afar, antiquated. We detect the East, the distinct but nameless perfume that is so delicious and so cloying."—Translations made for the "Literary Digest."

What is Wit?

WIT may take many forms, but it resides essentially in the unexpectedness of a perception of unexpected likeness between things that differ, or unexpected difference between things that are alike. By a sudden jerk of the understanding wit connects ideas that lie far apart, as when some wit called Boyle, the celebrated philosopher, "father of chemistry and brother of the Earl of Cork," or when the witty editor of a penny paper took for his motto: "The price of liberty is eternal vigilance; the price of the 'Star' is only one cent."

Wit of the true Yankee variety is supposed to be characterized by a half-boastful and altogether gigantic exaggeration, as if an attempt were being made to fit it to the size of the country, its mighty rivers, sky-piercing mountains and vast plains. An Englishman once asked a Yankee what he thought of the River Thames, and received the contemptuous reply: "Why, the whole of your little river wouldn't make a gargle for the mouth of the Mississippi!" It was the same kind of Yankee who, when a Swiss asked him upon his arrival in the country from Italy, what he thought of the Alps, growled: "Waal, now I come to think of it, I did notice some risin' ground."

This quality of humorous exaggeration, though it has received a new impulse in America, is nevertheless thoroughly Shakespearean. Falstaff is fairly Munchausenish in his inflation, but even the Fat Knight is outdone by the Yankee who wrote to his wife from the gold mines: "I have only one shirt left. It is in such a condition that the smallest hole in it is the one I put my head through, and it is in so many pieces that I have to have it washed by the dozen."

The Shark and The Pilot-Fish.

A Pilot-Fish once obliged a Shark by conducting him into a Lagoon, where a Number of Turtles were sporting themselves.

The Shark at once got to work upon the Turtles, while the Pilot-Fish swam around, snapping up Fragments of green Fat and other unconsidered Trifles in a most Business-like Manner.

When, at length, the Shark, being gorged to Repletion, had taken his Departure, the Pilot-Fish said to the surviving Turtles:

"Do you know, I'm most awfully sorry? When the Shark asked me to guide him hither, I had no idea that his Intentions toward you were otherwise than purely Benevolent. When I saw what his real Object was, I gave you my Word that I was absolutely horrified."

"Yet we did not observe," retorted the Turtles, with incredulous Sarcastism, "that your Horror had any effect upon your Appetite, or prevented your leaving a liberal Toll upon the Murderer's Spoil."

Moral: Swindlers' Advertisers are Swindlers' Accomplices.—"Truth."

What Was Wanted.

"Do you believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures?"

The chairman of the committee appointed by the church to interrogate the clergyman to whom a call might be extended looked at that gentleman critically as he asked his first question.

"I do," was the firm reply.

There was a slight movement among the members of the committee. "Do you," asked the chairman, "believe in preaching the gospel without frills, or would you inject a little spice into your sermons—say, enough to get yourself into the papers?"

The clergyman did not falter.

"I believe," he replied, "in the simple gospel—without sensationalism."

"Then, as I understand it," said the chairman, "you believe in the old-fashioned theology and all its dogma. Every Sunday you would preach a couple of sermons on the Bible, without trying to attract attention, and on week days, instead of getting yourself interviewed



CLARK'S LUNCH TONGUE

Ready to serve.

These delicious small tongues are somewhat cheaper than ox tongues and could not be more juicy and tasty.

Clark's name guarantees their quality.

W. CLARK, MFR. MONTREAL.

The Ideal Beverage

should quench the thirst, cheer and stimulate and nourish or strengthen.

LABATT'S

India Pale Ale

is well known as a pure and wholesome beverage, both refreshing and salubrious. You are invited to try it, and if found satisfactory to you to ask your merchant for it.

The Best of all Complexion Remedies

With a Twenty Year Reputation Behind Them.



Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Waters and Foul's Medicated Arsenic Soap.

These World-Famous remedies never fail to cure Pimples, Blackheads, Freckles, Liver Spots, Muddy, Sallow Skin, Redness of face or nose, and all other blemishes, whether on the Face, Neck, Arms or Body. They brighten and beautify the complexion as no other remedies on earth can, and they do it quickly. Waters, by mail, \$1; Soap, 50c. Address all orders to

H. B. FOULD, Room 5, 214 6th Avenue, NEW YORK or 20 Glen Road, Toronto, Can. Dept. N.

IT HAS NO EQUAL FOR KEEPING THE SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE AT ALL SEASONS.

"The Queen of Toilet Preparations."

BEETHAM'S "Larola"

SOOTHING & REFRESHING.

Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d. (In England).

SOLE MANAGER: M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, ENGLAND.

It entirely Removes and Prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, IRRITATION, T.A.I., etc. It is unequalled as a SKIN TONIC as well as an EMOLLIENT.

by the reporters, you would doubtless spend your time visiting the sick."

"That's my whole idea," was the answer.

The chairman turned to his committee and held a brief consultation. Then once more facing the candidate he said:

"I'm sorry to say, sir, that you won't do. We want a man who is right up-to-date."

Lovers of Lucra.

An American paper has published a list of "European aristocrats" who were sniters for the hand of Miss Goelet. This includes five peers, all of whom have been married for a considerable time, and the eldest son of a peer, who only came of age a few weeks ago; also Prince Henri d'Orleans, who has been in his grave for several years; and the Grand Duke Boris of Russia, with whom Miss Goelet could only have contracted a morganatic marriage. Why the Duke of Roxburgh should be described as a "fortune-hunter" it is impossible to understand, inasmuch as his estates bring in upwards of £30,000 a year, and the personal property left by his father (besides funds in settlement) was upwards of £120,000.

Two of a Kind.

Flipper: Why does he object to his wife going out alone in her motor-car?

Flapper: Because he can't see how one unmanageable thing can manage another.

GOOD APPETITE

Without appetite one does not relish or enjoy meals, digestion and assimilation become impaired, food is not properly masticated, saliva of the mouth is exhausted, the stomach fails to perform its duties and needs strengthening. A weakened, restless, sleepless state, with even sick headaches, offensive breath and nervousness follow.

VIN MARIANI is an exquisite Tonic Wine which, while pleasing to the palate,

INDUCES APPETITE

VIN MARIANI

GOOD APPETITE is necessary to GOOD HEALTH

THE TRUSTS AND GUARANTEE COMPANY, Limited

11 King St. West.

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Notice is hereby given that a half-yearly dividend for the six months ending Dec. 31st, 1903, at the rate of five per cent. per annum, has this day been declared upon the paid up capital stock of the Company, and that the same will be payable at the offices of the Company ON AND AFTER JANUARY 1st, 1904.

The Transfer Books will be closed from Dec. 21st to Dec. 31st, both days inclusive.

T. P. COFFEY, Manager.

Toronto, Dec. 1st, 1903.

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS

Vol. 17 TORONTO, CANADA, DEC. 12, 1903. No. 5



A WOMAN'S slipper is capable of holding much romance, and on an historic occasion proved equal to holding champagne. Even in childhood days the object has gentle associations that haunt the memory long after the maternal slipper has passed away with the garbage. "The Silver Slipper" is a name to arouse curiosity, and the authors of "Florodora" showed nice judgment in their choice of title for the new musical comedy that has enlivened the Princess Theatre during the week. The setting is costly, yes, unto magnificence, and even after the picturesqueness of "The Yankee Consul" and the iron-frou of "The Prince of Pilsen," the Toronto beholder might sit up and say, "the richest yet." The songs were only pretty good and no citizen who enjoys the privilege of attending a Toronto church could get a thrill from any of the soloists. But the audience quite warmed to the song, "There's a Girl Wanted There," while the magic words of "Tessie, You are the Only, Only, Only," as sung by Mr. Joseph Welsh, threw the small boys into a state of excitement, and the chorus work was lively and effective. Mr. Knox Wilson played the dear old part of a showman and "all-round fakir," possessing the resounding name, Henry Bismarck Henschel. He was the only truly funny person in the play, and produced his jokes with alacrity and neatness, scoring his greatest success as a player of the saxophone, while his performance on the concertina was not to be despised. The less familiar instrument was the favorite, and the gentleman had to play, play again to the accompaniment of antics that appealed to the ultra-musical. "Henry" is a cure for brain fag, neurasthenia, and other ills to which the cultured Toronto are victims. The silver slipper, which, by the way, looks too much like lead, was taken from Venus, and all manner of complications ensue when Stella, the girl from Venus, appears and plays the game of hunt the slipper. She turns the heads of the young men, ruffles the bosoms of the young women, and creates such havoc that it is just as well for the lady to leave. The "champagne dance" is the dizziest thing that ever came on the stage. Those six English girls, in their black gowns, with spangles and wreaths and festoons of every color of the Niagara rainbow, and their bewitching noise and pose, are the very cream of Topsy-turvy's band. The whirling grace of the girls from gay old London is enough to stir up Omar Khayyam himself in his Persian grave and make the dust murmur.

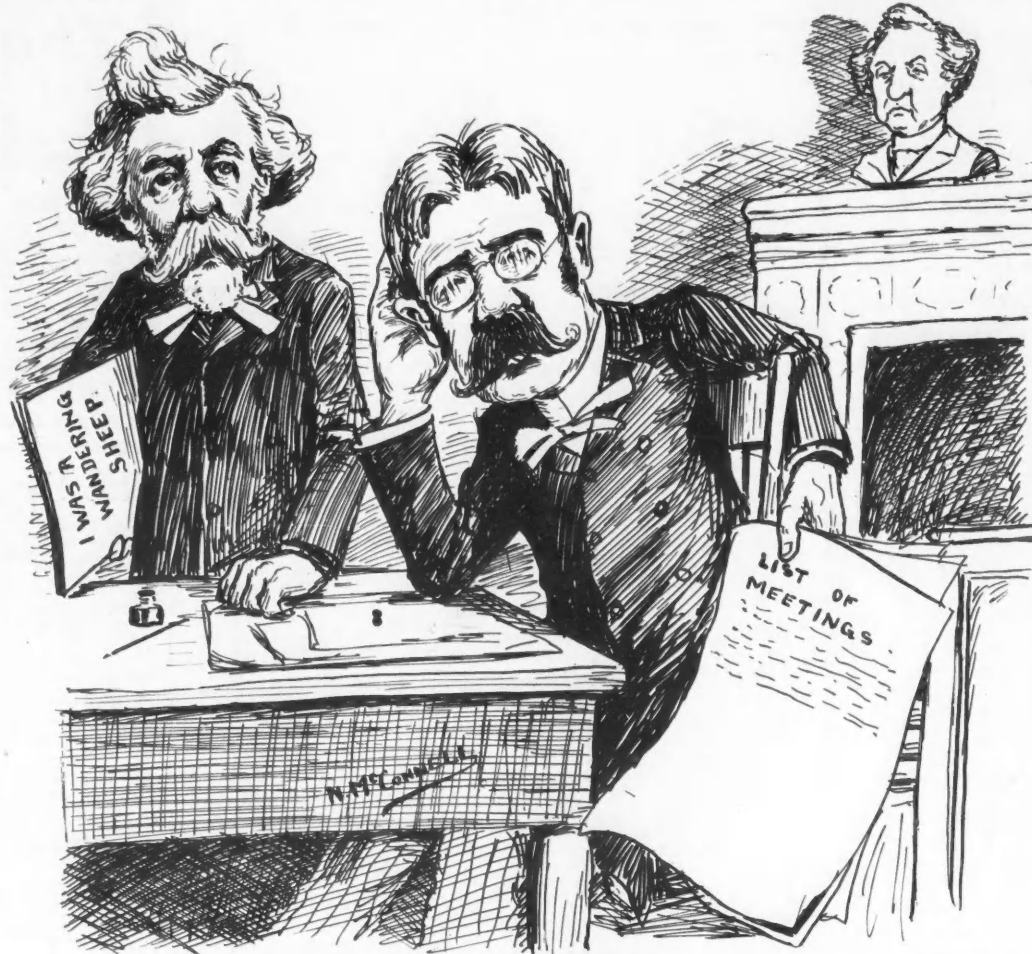
"But fill me with the old familiar juice, Methinks I might recover by and by."

It was in a happy moment that the dance was named, and here's to the dancers!

Shea's is getting big crowds this week and succeeds in making them happy. The bill of attractions is a strong one. The Rosaires have a tight wire act that seems to please the crowd. Critics say the female figure in this act is the best part of it. For a downright funny gawk, commend me to Terre, who with Carleton for the wise guy gets off some very good gags and funnyisms. The gawk sings a good baritone and Carleton sings something else. Louis A. Simon, Grace Gardner and some others successfully mix up a job as a husband and an engagement as coachman. Will West is a pleasing singer. There is a rollicking lilt in his voice that people like. His Pickaninny song is clever and is set with a realistic piece of stage scenery. Charles Burke, Grace La Rue and the Inkey boys keep the house in good humor while Burke presents one of the best vaudeville Irish characters that has been on the local stage for some time. The Inkey boys—young ones—are clever dancers and singers. There is also a number in which cowbells, tin tubes, other bells and a varied assortment of junk metal are made to yield "toons" by the skilful manipulation of Theo. F. Smith and Miss Jenny St. George Fuller. This sort of entertainment is suggestive of a big yellow wagon, a four-horse team of greys, torchlights, burnt cork, stentorian and wind and wail. The act didn't catch on to any extent till Miss Fuller sang comfortably to the strains of a golden (literal) harp and then the audience couldn't get enough of her. Every youngster in town should see Dewitt, Burns and Torrance in the Toy Awakening and acrobatic act. The idea is pretty and clever, and the real work of the artists as acrobats is well above the average. Every youngster will enthuse over life-sized toys coming to life and talking, and their elders enjoy the act, too.

The offering at the Grand this week, "His Last Dollar," was rather a surprise to many who, judging from the title, scarcely expected so good a production. The piece certainly is melodramatic, but it is most effective and proved very pleasing to the audiences, who applauded as only Toronto audiences can applaud. Mr. David Higgins as principal made a particularly good impression as Joe Braxton, a wealthy speculator, who had risen from the post of jockey. He is betrayed by the man whom he considers his firmest friend. The latter cheats him in every possible way, makes love to and finally marries the girl who at first appears as Braxton's fiancée. It all ends in the speculation coming down to his last dollar—having put up his few remaining hundreds on the horse of his one-time benefactor, Colonel Downs. The animal has been entered by the daughter of the man who had befriended him, and of course to make the climax satisfactory, Braxton and the "girl from Kentucky," Eleanor Downs, the role being taken by Miss Georgie Waldron, fall in love with each other. It is all rather exciting and attractive. The company, without an exception, does good work, and Mr. Higgins, also the leading lady of the offering, Miss Waldron, may feel assured of a hearty reception on their next visit to Toronto.

When Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin play at the Princess Theatre the first half of next week, our playgoers will have an opportunity of seeing two of America's foremost stars, supported by their own metropolitan company. It is seldom that one star such as either of these can be seen in the city, so the combination of the two makes the coming event the chief dramatic feature of the season. Miss Anglin has won recognition that justifies Mr. Miller in making her a co-star. She is looked upon now in New York by managers



WANTED-A BASS ACCOMPANIMENT.
Evangelist Borden—If Blair would only consent to sing that song with you, Tarte, we'd convert thousands of Grits.

and critics as the greatest actress left this side of the water and as the coming American Duse, though it may well be said she has already arrived. To see her in a great play is an experience never forgotten. She has a personality that seizes attention and when she steps upon the stage every eye and every heart follow her as long as she stays. The combination of Mr. Miller and Miss Anglin in the same production is one that cannot be rivalled. Mr. Miller, who for ten years has been steadily climbing to his present leading place on the national stage, is the most brilliant exponent of the intellectual drama that America possesses. As a student of stage technique, as a producer of stage pictures, and as a builder of dramatic situations, he is a master without a master.

A magnificent production of "A County Girl," with Miss Helen Marvin, who played the title role in the original production of the play in London, will come to the Princess Theatre for three nights only, December 17th, 18th, and 19th, presented by the sterling Augustin Daly Musical Company, direct from Daly's Theatre, New York. The music is by the writers of the music of "San Toy" and "The Geisha," and the author of such hits as "Listen to the Band" and "Rhoda and her Pagoda." The company numbers eighty people, and the stage is full of beautiful women.

There will be several headlines at Shea's next week and the bill promises to be interesting and up to date. Some of the features are old friends who have not been here for some time, and others are newcomers to Toronto. One who is new in vaudeville here is Mr. Richard J. Jose, familiarly known as Dick Jose, the marvelous contra tenor. Mr. Jose is very popular in Toronto, and will undoubtedly be quite an attraction. Thomas J. Ryan and Mary Richfield will offer a new act entitled "Mike Haggarty's Daughter." This is a sequel to the act they played last season, called "Mag Haggarty's Father." It is from the pen of Will Cressy, and is said to be even funnier than the original sketch. The scene is in the evening before St. Patrick's Day, and takes place in Mike Haggarty's home. The Mason-Keeler Company will appear in the "Smart Set" story, "Hooked by Crook," which is presented by permission of the Ess Ess Publishing Company. Homer B. Mason as a burglar has a good part, which he plays well. Marguerite Keeler as Millicent Raybridge is also very good in this sketch. Keno, Welch and Montrose have a splendid acrobatic act in which they do some of the most difficult gymnastic feats, while at the same time they inject enough comedy into the act to make it humorous as well as startling. The Orpheus Comedy Four will be heard and seen in fifteen minutes of riot.

Boots and Brains.

SHE was sitting on the only sofa in the palm room among a company of local celebrities and would-be celebrities, and she was trying to feel herself worthy of the invitation to meet a Distinguished Author. She had been very dignified and very subdued for an hour and a half, and there is every hope that she would have left in the next half hour with a properly humbled idea of herself and a properly glorified idea of Canada Letters. But the doors suddenly opened to let in a procession of a dozen and odd big men, led by a Very Great Man. Almost immediately a hush fell upon the Distinguished Company while it was explained to them that the Guest of the evening would read a chapter from one of her books not yet published. The clear, concise tones of a low-pitched voice then began which should have thrilled her as much as it enthralled the little coterie of late comers who blocked her view in taking up their different attitudes of absorption or concentration. Perhaps if she could have seen the face of the reader it would not have happened, but in trying to look somewhere her eyes fell on the ground in front of her, and this is what she saw: from fifteen to twenty pairs of boots with corresponding trousered legs above them were ranged about her, interrupting the pattern on the carpet with what seemed at first sight dreary sameness.

The "Imperialist" proceeded with his speech, making many points which amused the upper halves of those pairs of boots. They stood their ground noiselessly, however, while her flip-pant mood, the result of a congestion of ideas, led her to guess at the identity of each separate pair, and its history. One neat set of patent leathers, quite new, topped by black cloth gaiters, small but still masculine in appearance, surely belonged to a man of alert brain and quick action, methodical and systematic in character. There stood an absolutely new pair of glazed kid, big and strong and common sense, the possible owner of which puzzled her; she could arrive at no conclusion. Here was something more easy to identify, well worn, even cracked, ones, and with no pretension at a patch, frankly "done for." The owner of them must be a bachelor (a wife would have discarded them long ago!), a student, quite absorbed in research, who, when he came to dress for his Round Table dinner, was quite shocked at his own forgetfulness to buy a new pair, put them on with an anxious hope that they would not be noticed—and had promptly forgotten all about them, till the next monthly meeting of the club. Here, again, was an old-fashioned professor with a comfortable income and a guide wife to preside over his wardrobe. His boots were cloth-topped, with elastic at the sides, neat, well fitted, and polished.

She had abandoned herself by this time to her frivolous occupation, and had grown interested in it. The first sense of surreptitious amusement had passed, and she was eagerly hunting among the feet to discover a pair of the regulation "pumps" which used to be considered essential with swallow-tail coats, when over there, on the other side of the bunch, her eye spotted a ridiculously dainty pair of patent pumps with pointed toes, much too small and much too dainty, it seemed, for such a gathering. They properly belonged to the ball-room. The owner of them must surely be a mere dilett-

tante—perhaps a poseur, or even an out-and-out quack whose right to be there must have been acquired by means of other men's brains.

The one voice stopped, and a buzz of many voices ensued. A shuffle of these same feet that she had been watching took place, of which she was conscious, though her eyes seemed fascinated by that one pair of alien, unrighteous "standers." They shifted, they turned, they advanced towards her, and finally paused. Her eyes travelled slowly up the person of a seemingly endlessly tall man until they met the quiet twinkle of an answering pair, and she rose instinctively, but hastily. Professor Goldwin Smith stood before her.

LOUISE HAYTER BIRCHALL.

The Melons and Melinda.

JOSH GRAWBURG'S farm stretches back from the Catfish Creek where it dawdles into Lake Erie. His frame house, broadhipped and verandah-girt, faces the creek, the road between and the sunrise. On its left an orchard, in spring and fall fruitfully suggestive of Hesperides, slopes to the road as well. In the field on the right last year stood a heavy crop of corn, within the shady depths of which near the house reclined numerous water melons, the prize crop of the township.

"Old Josh" is a well-known character along the north shore for many miles; prehistoric almost, reckoned by the growth of the community since he helped his pioneer father to replace forest with farm. He is as tough as a rawhide and as leathery, though his shoulders are bent like the now discarded cradle which helped to shape them so. And his eyes still sparkle above his whiskers like the dew in a lowland meadow at sunrise.

Melinda, the old farmer's daughter, is twenty-one. At twenty she was the belle of Bugwash village, and the family and treasure of her father. Melinda is modern, moreover. Her hands and feet are smaller and better clad than those of the women of the first days who led slaves' lives for posterity. Her spirit is the same, however. As for her girlish deeds and graces—but ask Mr. Rube Haycock, next farm but one, and he will give you all the eulogy of Melinda that any young wife has a right to expect.

With the blossoming of the melon vines came one Stim-stott, Esq., from the Model school, to teach in the village. How he came and went, as gaily colored as the coon-fruit in question and as ephemeral in his local history, is best told in the words of Josh himself, addressed, on the occasion of Melinda's wedding, to a few old neighbors, who were gathered with him in the horse-shed behind the church.

"You know, Rube'd ben a comin' purty reg'lar to see 'Lindy' fer quite a spell 'fore the dood turned up. Wal, I dunno just what happened, but 'long last summer the dood he took to comin' back to see me powerful frequent on school trustee business, an' 'somehow 'wasn't long 'fore he wuz a-persuadin' the discussion uv said business mostly with my gal. Guess Rube he got huffed considerable. He left off comin', anyways. I called to jist chaw wud an' say nothin', an' I did. Guess mebbe 'Lindy wuz a-thinkin' same's me all the time."

"N then them mel'ns got dead ripe, jist a-waitin' for a frost to make 'em tasty. 'N one night the dood comes up an' tells me some of the boys hez laid a plan to coon-hunt the hull bunch that same evenin'. Wal, I called to see any fun they wuz a-goin', and so I loads my shotgun with salt and sets out on the side of the house on the v'randy. The dood set 'round in front with 'Lindy, and I 'd tell as he wuz makin' a strong impression on her confidin' natur. Guess he seen the happy day a-comin' all right. I 'd hear the bell on ole "Spot" down in the pasture behind the corn, grazin' peaceable in the moonlight. 'N Dan'l Tucker's collie wuz howlin' like a hull camp meetin' over t'other side of the orchard. 'N then when I wuz jist cussin' my rheumatiz an' the dood in the same breath, 'long about ten o'clock, I hears an all-fired racket in the corn, 'side of the pasture. The cows wuz in the corn! That bell-cow wuz rarin' and tearin' 'round like all possessed, 's if she 'd never git another chanst uv a mouthful. I drops the gun an' spurns the yearth like Sam Hill tell I finds the cows layin' down in the fur corner of the pastur, an' no bell soundin' at all. I couldn't make out how it had stopped so sudden. When I gits back to the v'randy there laid the cow-bell beside my gun an' no sight nor sound uv the young folks. Swat me deaf, that bet me clean out! 'N then I sets to thinkin', an' percceeds to make a casyool inspection of that there mel'n patch. I'll be teetotally dod-gasted if there wuz one left that a hen couldn't uv et! 'N at last, gosh ding my eyes 'f I didn't find Mr. Dood a-layin' on his back another span uv the fence, packed down so tight that I 'd scassily make out his head 'n' heels in the thistles that grewed luxuriant 'round. Ez fer noise, this wuz the only time I ever seen him without hearin' 'im, too, an' the reason wuz in his mouth in the shape of a mel'n rime, tied ingeniously to the back of his neck with his yeller tie."

"I sez to 'im, sez I, 'Shokin'!' I sez, 'N' 's soon's the pore feller got clear he sez he called he'd ben an' got himself into it. 'N then he walked off silent an' haughty, an' I hain't seen him sence. Wal, I wuz more dumfounded 'n ever, an' I sot on that fence a mite, wonderin' about it. Seemed zif the boys had a bin stealin' mel'ns while I wuz a-stickin' cows, while the fence corner raised on a stove-wood stick, an' a-rollin' 'em out an' under. Guess the dood must uv interfered some, an' the fence fell 'n' 'im accident' when the boys left. Wal, jist 's I got back to the v'randy, danged if there wuzn't 'Lindy an' Rube a-settin' there big's life, an' lookin' zif they'd a-ben talkin' over the op'ry all evenin', real pleasant. I begun to smell a rat in the woodpile."

"Sez I very stern, I sez, 'What's this mean?' very sharp, I sez to 'Lindy. 'Call off yer dog,' sez Rube, 'n' I 'd 'a' swore he wuz a-grinnin', only it wuz too dark to make sure. 'Ex-

plain yer meanin', sez I, indignant. 'We're engaged,' sez 'Lindy, serious, but I 'd 'a' bet she wuz a-grinnin', too, 'f there'd 'a' ben a light."

"Look a-here, sez I, 'how'd my friend Stimson Stott git anunder that fence?' I sez, imperious. 'Guess,' sez Rube, sad like, sez he. 'The fence must 'a' fell on him, ef that's where he wuz,' sez 'Lindy. 'I missed him,' sez she. 'Fears that way,' sez Rube, thinkin' hard. 'He'd orter keep out of the grass when the doo is on,' he sez."

"Wal, we had to git another noo teacher 'count o' the loss o' my mel'ns, an' I ain't never got no sense out o' them two yit 'bout what they seen that night. All they sez is 'Guess agin,' sez they."

And Old Josh bit off another piece of "chewing."

AUSTIN L. MCCREDIE.

New York Letter.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

THE sad, the melancholy days, did not come our way this November. They were, in double modern vernacular, "cut out." For the bright blue-eyed days of October quietly lingered on, coquetting with us, week after week, and appropriating the season in utter disregard of the calendar's long-expired notice to quit. But nature is vindictive enough to take full revenge, and this time we are all suddenly cast into the throes of a Canadian winter, with our blue-eyed coquette somewhere in disgrace. The bridge paths and driving boulevards in Central Park and Riverside have each borne witness, too, to the glad convivance of men, maids and matrons in this disobedience. The wine of October weather seemed to warm the blood and, with slackened reins, there has been a healthy, animated pursuit of these joyous outdoor exercises. Even the sight is a joyous one and every afternoon has presented the same gay, animated picture, and every evening the sun as it went down bathed the scene in its own amorous glow of pink, gold and amber.

For New York, unlike some "American" cities—Chicago for instance, where the sun serves the meanest utilitarian purposes—may boast beautiful sunsets, and I ask no lover one, at times, than to stand, say, on the New York side of the Hudson and see the sun go over the Jersey hills.

But from such delights was this rude transition to inclement winter. Accomplished, too, in the twinkling of an eye, and, before we had time to fortify against it, the chill was on us. As a result, colds are as fashionable here as bull pups, and, like them, run mostly to nose, bringing home one, at least, of life's little ironies:

"Let those still undecieved a smooth life boast,
I do not think it much.
Your nose, just when you need to blow it most,
Is quite too sore to touch."

Probably the largest collection of great portraits ever assembled on this continent, or indeed anywhere, is now on view at the American Art Galleries in this city. The occasion is the Orthopedic Hospital, whose financial welfare is in the hands of influential leaders of society and this unique effort is the result. The collection consists of famous portraits in the possession of private families only, and has no reference to those in the regular art galleries of the city.

We have heard a good deal of how Europe has been spoiled of her treasures by these rich "American" bandits abroad, but until one has seen such a collection as this, cannot realize the extent to which these marauding expeditions have been carried. No wonder the old countries are waking up to the calamity that is upon them—the only surprise is that they have been so long asleep. Italy has already launched a bold policy to waylay further export, and an influential committee, we learn, is now being formed in England for the purpose of retaining there such of the masterpieces as may in future be placed on the market. Money has no artistic conscience, nor does it respect the artistic conscience that is too weak to withstand temptation. And so, the country's exchequer must, perforce, come to the rescue of its own impecunious patriot.

The "American" public, it would appear, if one is entitled to reason a priori, have no sense of value until it is reduced to dollars and cents. And so, we find this portrait show, including as it does some of the world's best, advertised for its value in millions, and the cost of its underwriting set forth, with a great deal more of such statistical and impressive information.

Broadly speaking, the range is from Bronzino of the early Florentine; Matsys, early Dutch; Clouet, early French; down to such moderns as Besnard, Carou, Duran, Millais, Herkomer, Whistler, Chase and Sargent—only the last two of whom I have found represented in the public galleries. The collection is rather promiscuous for anything like comparative study, though the contrasts certainly are there, sharp and defined as the subjects themselves. There is also very little attempt at grouping, even of the periods, and you will find a Gainsborough opposite such a modern as Sargent, or a Besnard in the same room with Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Kitty Fisher."

The work of the moderns is represented principally in the portraiture of leading contemporary society women, and it is not an unfair criticism to say that in most cases the subjects have been considered more than the art. While we are here, if you should care to relax the artistic strain, you may sit down anywhere among these contemporaries and overhear the most delicious sort of scandal discussed, proving that human interest surmounts all other appreciation—as of course it should! Of these moderns, the portrait of "Mrs. Chanler," one of Sargent's earlier pieces, besides being the most intellectual of the group, is the most satisfactory because the least "modern" in that offensive sense in which it is sometimes insisted upon. His portrait of Stevenson is there, and the dear face still shines with the light of invincible genius.

Whistler is represented by one picture only, that of a lady in a riding habit, while Chase has given us an excellent portrait of the eccentric painter himself, that shows him in all his characteristic "cussedness." Miss Emmett would have to be named high among "American" moderns. Her work is full of vigor and freshness and conscientious art withal. But, to come up higher.

There is a very striking Corot portrait, and such popular "well-knowns" as Millais's of the sentimental and irrelevant title, "Yes or No"; Leighton's fair "Blue Lady"; and Greuze's "Portrait of a Boy." The most beautiful face in the gallery—the one you come back to over and over—is Zoffany's "Portrait of a Lady," though Constant has a charming subject of the colorless olive type with exquisite shadows about the eyes and nostrils. But one cannot begin to name individually. In addition to those mentioned are such familiar old masters as Copley, Simon de Vos, Hopper, Makart, Rembrandt, Laurence, Sully, Van Dyck, Velasquez and a world more. To an art lover the exhibition is worth a trip across continents.

J. E. W.

Unwept, Unhonored and Unsung.

The sun was rising—a scarlet sun—a sun of radiant glory—lighting the land to another day with its limitless possibilities; lighting the mansions of the rich; lighting the humble dwellings of the poor; lighting the barred cells of those who were to die—to die in the court outside—to die the death of traitors—to die by the axe then sharpening.

They slept unwitting—slept the sleep of their kind. Only he watched, standing beside the bars where he had hovered restlessly since many hours, awaiting the appearance of that glorious orb, the emblem of freedom, which he so dearly loved and for which love he was at last to die.

For his had been a voice that had rung across the land and roused the slave to his sense of slavery, the downtrodden to a knowledge of their rights. At his call the soldier had seized his sword and he who was not a soldier had laid hold of what he might. Peace ended when his clarion resounded, tumult arose, and of what was wrought in the days that followed we all have evidence. And for this reason—because his power over all classes was so mighty, and because there were those among them who were powerful and whose sluggish souls rebelled at the awakening that was to be—for this reason he had been imprisoned.

And so the sun then rising was to be the last sun he should ever see.

The axe was ready and the block. A vague presentiment filled him. He looked abroad—he trembled—not in fear—but in unwonted excitement.

In the cells beyond they were seeking his comrades. Something told him his hour was near.

Ah, the door opens!

It is the executioner, and there are blood stains on his hands.

Oh, Christmas, what crimes are committed in thy name!—The "Farmer."

FOR A MAIDEN FAIR.

By JETNA.

A SHORT time ago I was walking along one of our principal streets in the north-east part of the town. It was one of those bright, sunny days with which we have been largely favored lately—but, however bright the sun may shine, and however soft the winds may blow, there is an intangible something everywhere which makes us say to ourselves, "Good-by, Summer, good-by!" And now the trees have scattered their pretty red and golden leaves fast and thick on every side, and the air has a decided tang of frost in it; the furs, which have been "perdu" for months, reappear, and furnaces, and "winter coal," and other practical matters are engrossing our attention, mingled with thoughts of holly and mistletoe and Christmas cards. It is well, I think, to allow a touch of sentiment to soften the prosaic duties of everyday life.

Well, as I was telling you, I was taking a walk abroad not long ago, and I noticed a small group of small people standing on the pavement—a little maid, too young to have come from school, and two little men, who were busy overwhelming her with endearments, for the damsel had evidently "come to grief" by slipping and falling over a loose plank (I am sorry to say these are not rare just about here), to the detriment of her pretty frock. They dusted and adjusted her numerous frills and furbelows, and then each possessed himself of an arm and a cheek! One reads "in novels" of kisses being "rained" upon the adored one—there was no fiction about this "old, old story," it was smiling reality.

I had not much time to spare, but I determined to stay and watch this little comedy to its "sweet" end. The tiny maid wore a coquettish white "poke" bonnet, beneath which her fair, curly hair hung in tangles over two mischievous brown eyes. She was accepting the attentions showered upon her with demure grace, and a most amusing air of condescension, looking and evidently feeling in high fettle with her dainty self, nothing loth to boast of, or rather indulge in, "two strings to her bow," while the old adage, "two is company, three is none," did not, for the nonce, apply in her case. However, I felt sure that matters as they were must develop shortly into some kind of climax, and was anxious to see which of the two devoted swains would prove the favored one. Not a suspicion even of partiality was shown as yet.

As the trio, still arm in arm, neared the end of the street, they again came to a standstill—the poke bonnet and curls nodding approval on both. A brick happened to be lying in the path of the "lady fair," and with gallantry worthy of Sir Walter Raleigh, when he threw his cloak underneath the feet of Queen Elizabeth, the tallest knight removed it. Then—should have seen the look in those eyes, half trustful, and innocent, but wholly wide awake as to their power—then "she gave a side glance and looked down." Beware! Beware!

After that the capitulation, as the sunflower to the sun. Both cheeks were surrendered. Sir Walter Raleigh had won the day. At this denouement pride asserted itself with "the other one." He withdrew his arm, calmly, but you should have seen the look on his face—so woe-begone, so really heart-sore it was quite touching; rubbing his eyes with the back of his hand as he watched the happy couple march off, evidently oblivious of the forlorn little soul left behind them. This part of the "comedy of youthful romance" was almost dramatic in its effect and pathos.

I fear, with pen and paper, I can give you but a poor idea of what a delicious bit of acting this was, fresher and infinitely more enjoyable to me than some plays I have seen behind the footlights.

I lost a "wonderful bargain" by my dallying, but I did not regret it. Later I overheard the question being asked, "Is gallantry among our young men declining?" The charming little scene I witnessed answers the question and I trust dispenses any doubt.

At The Gates.

There came to the gates that are high and wide
A man and a woman fair to see;
"Living and lost, or doomed and dead,"
(These were the words the woman said),
"Whither thou goest I follow thee."
And the man, as he bent to her lips' cool wine:
"We who are joined by the right divine,
Joined in heaven or hell shall be."

But he who guarded the portals wide
Laughed—for he knew that the man had lied.

Hand in hand to the threshold led,
Craven and culprit fair to see;
But one drew back. "For my soul's sake,"
(These were the words he faltering spake),
"Enter first, as thou lovest me."
She raised the latch, and her lips were flame;
"Mine the scorching and mine the shame;
Sweet is the cup which I drain for thee."

The gates swung out with a mighty moan
As the woman, smiling, passed through alone.
—Meribah Philbrick Reed in December "Smart Set."

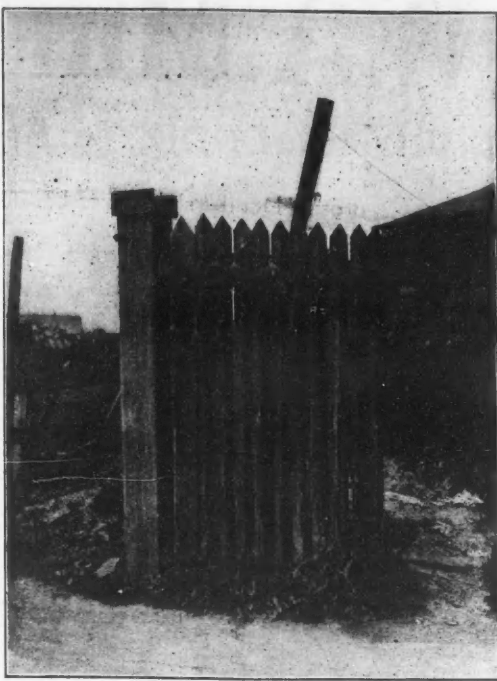
When Patti Sang.

THERE were packed street cars in Toronto on the night of the first Thursday in December, and Massey Hall had gathered as much of the city's beauty and chivalry as could afford to be present. More than four thousand people encircled steadily each number on the programme, and burst into vaster applause than has been heard in the little hall of "Craigy-Nos" tripped daintily forward. Even the very musical persons who had come to cavil were polite enough to smile at the beaming prima donna, and Father Time seemed to be the only gentleman who utterly refused her recognition. He had turned his back while she skipped nimbly by, singing the "Jewel Song" as she went.

There was a little old lady in the second gallery, almost as dainty as Patti herself, but with a sweet sadness on her lined face. It was a rare thing for her to go to a concert, and she felt almost dizzy as she looked down on the heads below. What a great crowd it was, and how dreadful it would be if there should be a fire! She wondered if she would be able to find a seat in the car after it was all over, and whether everything was going well at home while she was drinking in the splendor of a concert in Massey Hall. But she forgot her fears in the delight of listening to those nice young men, who reminded her of John as he was forty years ago (only that John had better features), and who gave such dear old favorites as "By Bendemeer's Stream" and "I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby." She trembled with excitement when Patti came back and softly sang, "What's This Dull Town to Me?" That was the first line of "Robin Adair," and she remembered well how her father used to ask her mother to sing the old Scotch air while he played the accompaniment on the melodeon. That was fifty years ago, but the old memories came back with the familiar words. Then there were those two wonderful young girls who played the piano and the violin in a fashion that bewildered her. Ah! the young people of today were extremely quick and clever, and she could not understand how such slender arms and fingers possessed such strength. But Patti was singing again, and when she returned, smiling and bowing, and began "Mid pleasures and palaces," a queer mist came over the eyes of the little old lady in the second gallery, and the lights of Massey Hall seemed to flicker and then die out.

More than forty years ago! And John had taken her to the concert, which was a frightful act of extravagance on his part, but then she was a bride, and her young husband was so determined that she should have and hear the very best that he could give. How good he had always been! She had worn a beautiful gown of lavender silk that her father had brought all the way from London in the Old Country, and it had been trimmed with the lace that Aunt Deborah had given her just six months before the wedding day. And there were flowers, too, a bunch of white geraniums, with their sweet-scented leaves. Their fragrance came to her now as she faintly heard "An exile from home."

It had been such a wonderful concert, and she and John had talked about it for months afterwards, and had really thought of naming their first little girl "Adelina," but had called her Mary Elizabeth instead. The little girl had grown up and had been won by another John, who had taken her away to California, where she was bringing up two little lads to love their mother's Canadian home. Then there were the three other children—George and Bessie and Frank. George was doing so well down in the West Indies, and he had a wife



Old Gate, West Entrance.
Old Fort, Toronto.

Photograph by F. E. Earl.

THE OLD FORT.

The above illustrations should be of interest to all Torontonians, for the ruined fort is one of the few reminders of the city's old military life. On page 17 will be found an article by Mr. F. E. Earl which gives an entertaining summary of the quaint old building's history.

who was an excellent housekeeper, but the climate couldn't be very good for the children. Bessie—ah, dear little Bessie, who might have sung as well as Patti if she had only been spared—had gone away from them many a year ago, and would always be just the curly-haired, brown-eyed pet who had grown tired of her years and she had been so afraid that he would be a great trouble to his father; but Frank's heart was always in the right place, and he had turned out such a fine fellow, after all. He had bought the concert tickets and had insisted on her going.

But Patti was bowing again to an audience that was simply clapping itself into a fever, and the little old lady turned suddenly as she felt a warm, trembling hand clasp hers. Yes, she met John's eyes, not as keen as they were when she was a bride, but just as true and tender as they shone when the lavender silk was new.

Some of the critics on the ground floor were looking bored and were preparing to write things in the paper about the absurdity of singing rubbish like "Home, Sweet Home," to say nothing of "Comin' Thro' the Rye." But John and Margaret in the upper gallery were more than content with the old singer and the old song.

The New Thought of The Divine Incarnation.

ON Sunday night, November 29th, Rev. J. T. Sunderland of the Unitarian Church preached from the texts, "God was in Christ" (II. Cor. 5: 19), and "If we love one another, God dwelleth in us" (I. John 4: 12). The discourse was intensely interesting, as it dealt thoughtfully and critically with a question that, more than any other, is stirring the religious world to-day. In the course of his discussion of the two views of the Divine Incarnation, the speaker said:

One view sees God incarnate in Christ alone; the other sees God incarnate not only in Christ, but also in all Christ's brethren—in all the rest of the children of the Common Father, for Jesus, in speaking to His followers, makes their relation to the Father the same as His, speaking of God, as "My Father and your Father, my God and your God." This is the view not only of the liberal Christian churches, but of a steadily growing number of the broader minds in all the creedal churches, in spite of their creeds. Biblical scholarship is making it increasingly clear that this was the teaching of Jesus and His immediate disciples; historic study that this was the doctrine of the early Christian churches; and philosophic and scientific study that this is the view which is based in fact and reason.

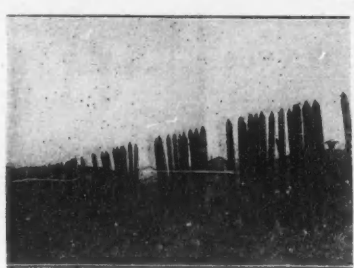
Let us examine the commonly received doctrine of a limited incarnation in Christ alone. The first thing to be observed concerning it is that it was born late—long after Christ—and in a very dark age, too, when a majority of men believed that God was to be seen only in the unusual, the exceptional, the supposed miraculous, before it was understood that all things are governed according to law. If God is to incarnate Himself, will it be likely to take place in a corner, in some one special age, in some single special land, in a little special town in that land, in some one human being born in an unusual and exceptional way? We must say that at least the presumption is against an incarnation in

such a special, limited, and unusual manner. Suppose some person should go away to some great mountain valley in Asia, Africa, or Australia, and there find a single tree—perhaps the largest tree in the world—but one single tree among millions, hidden away in that one remote valley, and should say to you: "There, in that tree, and in that tree alone, God manifests Himself, so far as trees are concerned." Would you believe him? He might urge that the tree was the finest known; he might even bring reports believed by multitudes that the tree had been planted by God Himself, but you would say, "No, I cannot accept your claim. The God that I worship planted all trees, not by the poor expedient of special miracle, but by His wise, perpetually operative and unfailing nature methods."

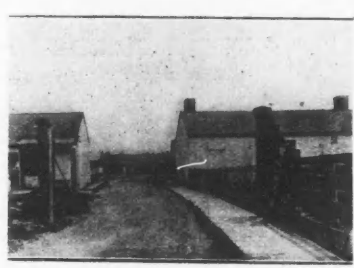
Let us briefly examine the story of the miraculous birth and see whether it really belongs in the Bible, whether it is any part of the real Gospel, or is only a later addition, a legendary aftergrowth. It should be noted that the Gospels of Mark and John, the former of which is generally conceded now by the best critics to be the earliest of the Gospels, say nothing about any miraculous birth. If Jesus was really born differently from anybody else, and if this was the primary proof that he was God, it seems unaccountable that two of his biographers should have omitted this crucial fact. In the Acts of the Apostles there is not a word about the miraculous birth. Peter speaks of Christ—"a man approved of God among you." Paul has no word of it, and James, probably a brother of Jesus, is utterly silent on the subject. That the accounts of the miraculous birth in Matthew and Luke are a late legendary accretion is indicated by the fact that the story is contrary to many things in the Gospel narratives. Matthew declares that the friends of Jesus said of him, "Is not this the carpenter's son?" Luke represents them as saying, "Is not this the son of Joseph?" John makes the question more explicit: "Is not this Jesus, Joseph's son, whose father and mother we know?" Mary, the mother, declares: "Thy father and I have sought Thee, sorrowing." Then we have two separate genealogical tables in the Gospels, both tracing the ancestry of Jesus through Joseph. Nowhere, save in the opening chapters of Matthew and Luke, does the New Testament hint at such a birth.

It was natural and inevitable that, after a full generation, legends about Jesus should spring up. Indeed, a whole volume, the "Apocryphal Gospels," has come down to us. By the time "Matthew" and "Luke" received their final revisions ten or twenty years after the writing of Mark's Gospel, the legend of the miraculous birth had come into existence. What follows is that Christ's divineness of nature was not different in kind, but only in degree, from yours and mine. God was in Him, but God is also in all humanity. Jesus was simply the tallest soul among his brethren, one in whom the divine spirit rose to an unwonted fullness and power of manifestation, so that He was able to say with a deeper and loftier meaning than had ever been given to the words before, "I and My Father are one."

Now, with this view, Jesus is no longer a far-off being, but our true, real, human brother, with joys and sorrows like ours, with battles like ours, great-hearted, brave, gentle, waiting to take our weak hands in His strong hand, and lead us to the loving heart of His Father and our Father, His God and our God. Let us know that whenever any high thought



Remains of Stockade, Old Fort, Toronto.
Photograph by F. E. Earl.



West Entrance, Old Fort, Toronto.
Photograph by F. E. Earl.

Confetti.

or pure desire knocks at the door of our hearts, it is God asking to be let in; and if we open the door He will come in and dwell with us, bringing all His angels of light, and we shall know what it means to dwell in heaven while we are yet pilgrims of Earth.

Life has this, at least, in common with pictorial art, that its highest light and deepest shadow lie close together.—"Laura's Legacy."

One country is as good as another if there is no love-niche anywhere.—"Katharine Frensham."

Nothing but the infinite pity of God can meet the infinite pathos of human life.—"Lady Gay."

It is only unsatisfied love that is eternal.—"Life."

She was a newcomer and an "American," and America was a land of cheap finish and easy supremacy.—"The Pensionnaires."

What else is there in life greater than work and peace?—"Katharine Frensham."

A girl and a promissory note are seldom settled before maturity.—"Life."

With patience sour grapes become sweet and the mulberry leaf satin.—Turkish proverb.

Women are always the children of first impressions.—"Doctor Xavier."

It is the duty of every woman not to mind her own business.—"Katharine Frensham."

The man who belittles great things has no instinct of greatness.—"Doctor Xavier."

Most pictures should be seen from the next room—or the next century.—"The Pensionnaires."

Popular success tends to that fatty sense of satisfaction which is another name for fatty degeneration of the soul.—"The Pensionnaires."

Give a swift horse to him who tells the truth, so that as soon as he has told it he may ride and escape.—Turkish proverb.

Destiny plays strange tricks with us when opportunity is our need.—"Doctor Xavier."

We have worn out all our words on inferior deeds.—"The Pensionnaires."

"Energy is really very troublesome; it earns a statue in a market-place or a tomb in a cathedral—I desire neither.—"The Prince" in "Doctor Xavier."

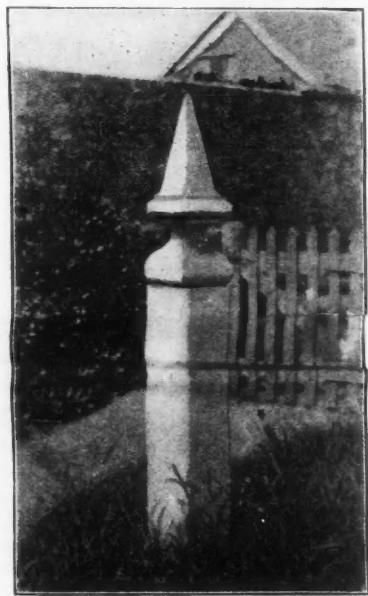
If you have to gather thorns, do it by the stranger's hand.—Turkish proverb.

What could be more consoling on earth than a becoming dress, unless it were a becoming hat?—"Katharine Frensham."

Because he was gentle and generous-hearted he had to pay the uttermost price for the emotions which were the finest in his nature.—"Katharine Frensham."

The Whispering Post.

At Rochford, Essex, there is a very quaint practice. The Whisper Court is a strange Michaelmas observance held under the superintendence of the steward of the manor. The business of the court is carried out at midnight in the open air; the absence of a tenant is punishable by a fine of double his rent for each hour he fails to be in attendance; no artificial light except a firebrand is permitted; the proceedings are recorded by means of one of the embers of the brand; the



roll of fourteen tenants is then called over, and answered to in a whisper, and then they kneel down and swear allegiance.

Very many years ago, the lord of the manor, after an absence from his estate, was returning home by night. Passing over King's Hill, he accidentally heard some of his discontented tenantry plotting his assassination, and, thus warned, he reached home by an unexpected route. From that time forth he enacted that the tenants on his estate should assemble every year exactly at the same time to do him homage around a post which he erected on the precise spot where the plotters met. The present post was erected in 1867, and is an exact counterpart of the original post. It will be seen that it is spiked at the top to represent a huge candle.

The Place of "Ragtime."

It has not been long since the leader of a celebrated Eastern band manifested no little indignation when asked to play a popular air as an encore, remarking that his band did not play ragtime music. Since that time the popular taste for what is called ragtime music has not only spread all over America, but achieved equal success in the most cultivated centers of Europe, our most familiar airs being encircled there with the greatest enthusiasm. Sousa, who lately toured Europe, made a great hit with ragtime, and has lately stated that King Edward VII. liked it so well he asked for more of it, and he gave him "Smoky Mokes" and "Georgia Camp Meeting." Emperor William and the Czar were equally pleased with it. One of the Eastern papers has utilized these facts in a cartoon in which the three rulers are elevating to a pedestal in a musical pantheon the figure of a negro with a banjo, while Chopin and Beethoven are represented as getting down from theirs as if in disgust. It does not argue that because these light and cheerful tunes are thus revived it is to be regarded as an indication of deterioration of taste for the higher class of music any more than appreciation shown for the lighter forms of literature would imply a similar retrograde in letters. It is the variety which makes the excellence of the whole as diversion from labor manual or mental, and produces the proper equilibrium which insures health and promotes happiness. The enthusiasm manifested so generally for this light class of music recalls the sensation created by Jenny Lind half a century ago. At a time when the fashionable opera was in highest vogue she came to America and achieved her greatest triumph by singing such simple airs as "Comin' Thro' the Rye." They touched a popular chord and it vibrated throughout continents. It is the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. And just as the simple songs of Burns gave pleasure without militating against the culture of a taste for the higher creations in vocal music, so the simple melodies which we know as ragtime are harmless and without danger of taking the place of the more elevated style of music. We cannot play tragedy all the time, but must have the melodrama and the farce as the lighter features of the stage. And so in music, literature and art the philosophy applies with the same force.

Christmas.

A chandelier—
A mistletoe—
A lover near—
A maid below—
A scuffle dear—
A kiss or so—

And that is Christmas, don't you know?
ELIOT KAYS STONE.



From yonder ivy-mantled tower
The mooping owl doth to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near his secret bower,
Molest his ancient solitary reign.—Gray.

Wherever the Union Jack Waves
Hunyadi Janos Natural Laxative Mineral Water
 is looked upon as the standard cure for
CONSTIPATION
 Half a tumblerful taken in the morning on rising brings gentle, sure and ready relief.

Anecdotal.

Mr. Ruskin once lent a volume of Plato to one of his neighboring farmers, and when the book was returned asked: "Well, how did you like Plato?" "First-rate," said the farmer; "I see he's got some of my ideas."

John Wanamaker, a few years ago, stood watching the workmen as they excavated a hole near his New York store for the rapid transit tunnel. One of the laborers exhibited an unquenchable thirst, and drank freely whenever the water-bearer came his way. Dipper after dipper was lifted to the man's capacious mouth. The workman's capacity astonished the merchant. "That man is wasting so much time drinking water that he will not be of much use to the tunnel diggers," said Mr. Wanamaker's private secretary. "But wouldn't he be just grand if he were employed to dig a tunnel through the river?"

The veteran actor, Joseph Jefferson, is fond of relating this story of an election in Colorado, where the women vote on the school question: A lady came to the place of registration one morning to qualify herself for suffrage at the coming election. "With what political party do you affiliate?" asked the clerk, sonorously. The lady blushed, started, and was evidently much embarrassed. "Must I answer?" she asked. "Yes, madam," said the clerk; "you must answer if you would vote." "Well," she replied; "I don't think I'll vote then, for it is nobody's business what the party's name is, but I don't mind telling you that he is a candidate for school trustee, and he is one of the nicest men I ever met."

Edwin A. Abbey, the painter, knows what it is to travel from one editorial room to another, vainly endeavoring to dispose of carefully prepared sketches. Although chosen to paint the coronation of King Edward VII., the day of this honor was not so far removed from the time of his earlier struggles and poor circumstances that he could forget them. In London he met a lady artist, who, like himself, had endeavored to impress reluctant editors with the merit of her drawings. "Often the office-boy would say that the editor was out when I was quite sure that he was in," said the persevering girl. "Then I made up my mind to meet the editor as he left the office by posting myself at his door." "Furphy!" exclaimed Mr. Abbey in great glee. "I have found you, the original poster girl."

Marie Cahill, the clever comedienne, who has naturally slipped into the theatrical niche left vacant by the retirement of May Irwin, once gave some of her famous songs at a benefit in New York for a worthy hospital. While awaiting her turn to go on, she stood in the wings and listened to a speech on dramatic art by Joseph Jefferson, the veteran actor. Presently, a giddy song-and-dance girl came down from her dressing-room, and leaned over Miss Cahill's shoulder to see what was going on. The comedienne gently attempted to shake her off, but such a hint was unavailing with such a performer. A moment later the song-and-dance girl's partner joined her, and asked: "Say, Mag, who's on?" "I dunno," was the reply; "some old guy doing a monologue." "How's he going?" "Rotten. He's been on fifteen minutes, and ain't got a laugh yet."

When Sir Thomas Lipton was over here a few years ago with "Shamrock II.," Thomas W. Lawson, the Boston millionaire, tried hard to enter his yacht, the "Independence," as a defender for the "America" cup. In the names of the two contestants there was a similarity sufficient to cause Senator Hanna to remark, instead of an international yacht race, this is liable to become an affair between doubting Thomases. While building his yacht Mr. Lawson was not without his uninvited advisers. The burden of the protests received related to such an unwise expenditure of wealth. A good old church pillar, for whom Mr. Lawson had more than a passing regard, entered his objection mildly, urging the millionaire to remember that "riches have wings." "There is nothing that a racing boat stands more in need of than wings," said the yachtsman politely, "and I am pleased to learn that my riches have an attachment so essential."

Alfred G. Wathall, the composer, is youthful in appearance and modest, and the last man who would attempt to impose on the box office man. One night Mr. Wathall stepped to the box office of a theater in which George Ade's play, "The Sultan of Sulu," for which he wrote the music, was playing, and asked if he might step inside and stand up during the rest of the performance. "Oh, was more than half over at the time. The following conversation ensued: Mr. Wathall—May I step in, sir, and stand up for a short time? I am Alfred G. Wathall. Box Office Man—You, Wathall—why, you are only a boy. You can stand up and see the performance or sit down and see it according to the amount of money you have to spend. Mr. Wathall—But I am really Mr. Wathall, and as I wrote the music for "The Sultan of Sulu" I thought you might extend the usual courtesy of the house to me. I know Mr. Ade, and—Box Office Man—Oh, you know Mr. Ade, do you? Well, Mr. Ade is in the house and I'll call him out. I guess that will settle you. Mr. Ade was called, greeted Mr. Wathall warmly and invited him in. The box office man disappeared.

In a recent number of "Cornhill Magazine" Mrs. Richmond Ritchie says that Miss Horace Smith told her father a story on which she declared Thackeray based the opening chapters of "Pendennis."

nis." It concerned a family living in Brighton, somewhere near Kemp Town. There was a somewhat autocratic father and a romantic young son who had lost his heart to the housemaid, and determined to marry her. The father made the young man give his word of honor that he would not marry clandestinely, and then, having dismissed him, rang the bell for the butler. To the butler this Major Pendennis said: "Morgan" (or whatever his name was), "I wish you to retire from my service, but I will give you two hundred pounds in banknotes if you will marry the housemaid before twelve o'clock to-morrow." The butler said, "Certainly, sir," and the young man next morning was told of the event which had occurred. Miss Smith adds that a melancholy and sensational event immediately followed; for the poor young fellow was so overwhelmed that he rushed out and distractedly blew his brains out on the downs behind the house, and the butler meanwhile, having changed his two hundred pounds, sent a message to say that he had omitted to mention that he had a wife already, and that this would doubtless invalidate the ceremony he had just gone through with the housemaid.

Give Your Stomach a Nice Vacation.

Don't Do It by Starving It Either—Let a Substitute Do the Work.

The old adage, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," applies just as well to the stomach, one of the most important organs of the human system, as it does to the man himself.

If your stomach is worn out and rebels against being further taxed beyond its limit, the only sensible thing you can do is to give it a rest. Employ a substitute for a short time and see if it will not more than repay you in results.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are a willing and most efficient substitute. They themselves digest every bit of food in the stomach in just the same way that the stomach itself would, were it well. They contain all the essential elements that the gastric juice and other digestive fluids of the stomach contain and actually act just the same and do just the same work as the natural fluids would do were the stomach well and sound.

They, therefore, relieve the stomach, just as one workman relieves another, and permit it to rest and recuperate and regain its normal health and strength.

This "vacation" idea was suggested by the letter of a prominent lawyer in Chicago. Read what he says: "I was engaged in the most momentous undertaking of my life in bringing about the coalition of certain great interests that meant much to me as well as my clients. It was not the work of days, but of months. I was working night and day almost, when at a very critical time my stomach went clear back on me. The undue mental strain brought it about and hurried up what would have happened later on."

"What I had to literally force down, and that was a source of misery, as I had a sour stomach much of the time. My head ached, I was sluggish and began to lose my ambition to carry out my undertaking. It looked pretty gloomy for me, and I confided my plight to one of my clients. He had been cured by Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, and at once went down to a drug store and brought a box up to me. I took a quarter of that box before I found that they would do all the work my stomach ever did; and as a rest or vacation was out of the question for me, I determined to give my stomach a vacation. I kept right on taking the tablets and braced up and went ahead with my work with renewed vigor, ate just as much as I ever did and carried out that undertaking to a successful issue. I feel that I have Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets to thank for saving me the handsomest fee I ever received, as well as my reputation, and last, but not least, my stomach."

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are for sale by all druggists at 50 cents a box.

A Stevenson Story.

For a final trait of Samoan character I return to the "Table Talk," and quote the following:

"The other day the cook was away, and Louis, who was busy writing, took his meals in his room. Knowing there was no one to cook his lunch, he told Sosimo to bring him some bread and cheese. To his surprise, he was served with an excellent meal—an omelette, a good salad and perfect coffee."

"'W' cooked this?' asked Louis in Samo."

"'I did,' said Sosimo."

"'Well,' said Louis, 'great is your wisdom.'"

"'Sosimo bowed and corrected him—'Great is my love!'"

"This is finer than the retort courteous—it is the retort beautiful. No wonder Tusitafa loved his clan."

That there is nothing new under the sun is as true now as in the days of Solomon. No doubt much of Roman prowess was due to the universal use of baths by all classes. The modern tendency is to return to the use of natural treatment. Unquestionably the waters compounded in Nature's laboratory are the best remedial agents, chief among these, from medical references, is the "St. Catharines Well," located in St. Catharines, the "Garden City" of Canada. Here will be found every facility for rest, recuperation and comfort where exists a happy combination of family hotel life and sanitarium attachments for those desiring same. It is time that Canadians were sensible of the resources of their own country and that it is not necessary to go over the border to procure either the necessities or the luxuries of life.

Furniture Folks.

"H AVE you ever noticed," said Edythe Carolyn Browne, as we slipped very black coffee from extremely slender cups, "how much some people resemble furniture?"

"No," I answered dubiously. It is my luck to play the part of "Hinnissy" when Edythe Carolyn does the Dooley act, and I knew that there was to be a philosophy with frills on the subject of this fancied resemblance. Edythe Carolyn Browne began life as Edith Caroline Brown, and her father still insists on regarding and writing her as such, in spite of her correctly-engraved card. There is some mysterious virtue about the letter "y" that renders it popular with those who have risen in life and who would reform their Christian names. Man has not yet succumbed to its spell. But who knows? We have Edythe, Kathryn and Ysabel. We may yet have Wyllyam, Jeremiah and Fredercy. But let us return to our coffee-cups and conversation.

"There is a striking resemblance," declared Edythe triumphantly. "Look at Mrs. Hambly. Did you ever notice how much she looks like a red plush sofa?" "You mean her nose?" I asked. "I mean Mrs. Hambly herself—her personality and atmosphere and conversation. She is just like a scarlet plush sofa, with olive-green trimmings and bright pink 'tidies.' She has no dignity, no reserve, and even if you put her in a corner, she manages to be the most conspicuous thing in the room. There is no concealing or ignoring her. You may pile all manner of cushions on a red plush sofa, but the material and the color will reveal themselves at some forgotten corner. And you may put Mrs. Hambly in the most correct automobile that money can buy, you may dress her in the severest of tailor-made costumes and insist on her using eye-glasses. She is still Jane Hambly, and she will insist on telling you how much her things cost, and that her gown is silk-lined, and that when she was 'savin' back from England there was a 'look' on the boat."

"You may break, you may shatter Jane Hambly, at will."

The scent of chest-of-sofas will hang over her still."

I mis-quoted flippantly. Edythe Carolyn refused to notice the comment.

"There is Harvey Wright," she continued, "the broker who has done such wonders with rubber and things like that."

"What did he do with it?"

"Oh! how do I know? But he's made piles of money, and for all his wretched complexion and long neck, I believe that Alice Morrow would be glad to marry him. Her father hasn't much of a salary, and Alice told me she'd either be a nurse or marry Harvey. I told her that I'd rather have carbolic acid around than have to sit opposite Harvey Wright for three meals a day. Well, as I was saying, Harvey always makes me think of a pulpit. He's so thin and dark and proper. I wouldn't be a bit surprised to see him with a hymn-book on his head instead of a hat. He's a sad, solid pulpit, all upholstered in black for some pillar of the congregation."

"I don't think I'd trust a broker who looks like a pulpit."

"Some people like a mixture of stocks and psalms. There's nothing frivolous about Harvey Wright. The trouble is that he never relaxes. Now, at Christmas time, the pulpit breaks out in holly decorations. But I don't believe that anything would induce Harvey Wright to become festive. He must have been a plain, wooden affair in a Puritan meeting-house centuries ago."

"You'll have to go to a plain brick office away out Queen street west if you keep on like this. I shall warn Harvey's clients."

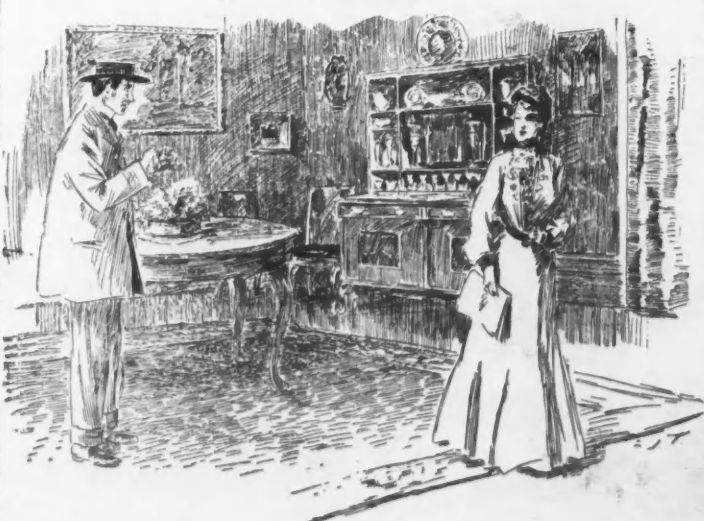
"It wouldn't do any good. His expression is worth thousands a year to him. His very back speaks of integrity. To have a nice, telling contrast he ought to marry Katie Matthews. There's a light and dainty bit of workmanship! She's like a French cabinet, full of all sorts of trifles and airy, fairy bric-a-brac. She never says a sensible thing—or a dull one."

"But think of her with a creature like Harvey!"

"It would be a delightful division of toil and trifles. He would make the money and Katie the epigrams. She is all glitter and quaintness, like the old silver and shoe-buckles that properly fill a French cabinet. She is charmingly useless and ornamental. Yet she is in no one's way, and the world would be a dull affair without such as Katie. It is difficult to tell, after all, what are the necessary things. We might live without chairs, and recline like the Turks. But we might better be dead than be unamused. Wherefore, I declare for French knick-knacks and Katie. She lights up a room in the most mild and yet effective manner."

"I wish some man could hear you. Men never will believe that a woman can say a good word for a fellow-woman. And here you are raving over a shallow little thing like Katie Matthews."

Cooked Again.



Husband: I've got a dandy cook coming to-morrow. She says she will stay with us for six months.

Wife: John, I won't have her in the house a minute. A woman who will lie like that will certainly steal.—Judge.

W.A. Murray & Co. Limited

"DOROTHY DODD," a Stylish but Inexpensive Shoe.

The woman whose capacity for style exceeds her ability in dollars will find that the style of a "Dorothy Dodd" shoe gives her foot all the distinction of a high-priced, custom-measured shoe.

The "Style of a 'Dorothy Dodd'" has become proverbial.

It is a shoe that preserves the natural outlines of the foot yet actually makes it look a full size smaller.

No other shoe is designed like it. When your foot is tired don't put on a slipper. Put on a "Dorothy Dodd." It hugs the foot around the instep and rests every other part of it. It saves fifty per cent. of foot fatigue.

Oxfords, \$3.00
Boots, \$3.75

Dorothy Dodd

Gloves for Xmas Gifts

Women's Handsome Kid Gloves, one large medallion fastener, pique sewn, made by Trefousse & Cie., in all the newest colorings, per pair

1.75

Kid Gloves, with three dome fasteners, overseas stitching, made by Trefousse & Cie., in a beautiful range of colors, per pair

1.50

Alexandre & Cie. Kid Gloves, 2 dome fasteners, overseas stitching, in all the newest tints, per pair

1.25

The New Calendars

Art, character and elegance displayed to fullest extent in the new Calendars for 1904. Among the notable types will be found the following subjects—Dogs, Horse Show, Cake Walk, Stage Favorites, Famous Actresses, Football, Madonna and a host of others. On view in our book section.

READY-TO-WEAR SILK WAISTS FOR XMAS GIFTS—Cloak Department.

The giving of a ready-to-wear silk waist for a Xmas present is worthy of more than passing consideration, for there are few things that will please lady more or as much for that matter—of course the waist must be good and stylish. But, say you, the price will be prohibitive to the average person with a lot of presents to buy—not at all—we have waists at \$3.50; it's an ordinary gift that doesn't cost that much. These waists are of French Taffeta in shades of light blue, white and black, made with clusters of pin tucks and finished with silk drop ornament; then at \$5.00 we have waists of soft taffeta silks, with hemstitching and fine tucking, finished with buttons, black and white only; at \$7.50 we have waists of peau de soie taffeta, crepe de chene and fancy silks, finished with Mexican stitching, tucking and hemstitching; other styles are priced \$9.00 to \$15.00 each, sizes range from 32 to 44, and every waist is in a nice box—Cloak Department.

W.A. Murray & Co. Limited 17 to 31 King St. East. Toronto. 10 to 16 Colborne St.

"I'm thinking more of the cabinet than of Katie. I saw such a lovely one yesterday, but it's utterly beyond my allowance. That is the beauty of having a husband. It is easier to coax money out of a man when he's dependent upon you for a decent dinner. Dad is so unreasonable."

"I don't believe that all husbands are reasonable."

"Well, they're a change. Mrs. Hargrave was showing me just the other day the queerest old Flemish oak settle that the judge picked up. By the way, Judge Hargrave is another furniture person. He makes me think of a splendid mahogany dining-table—stately and substantial, you know, yet with a kind of sly wink on its polished surface, as if it could tell about many a gay company whose wine once stained the fine old table."

"I don't think Mrs. Hargrave would thank you for the comparison."

"Then she must be lacking in the instinct for fine furniture. There is nothing more gratifying than a mahogany table. When I keep house I mean to have one that looks just like Judge Hargrave. There goes Mr. Markham. I can't bear that man!"

"Why? Does he make you think of a clothes-horse or a hat-rack?"

"No. He's like one of those awful black haircloth sofas, such as our grandmothers had in the parlor. Don't you remember those hideous old rooms? There was a wax water-lily under a glass shade and a motto worked on cardboard. But the sofa was the worst of all, and Mr. Markham is just like that sofa. It was black and shiny and you slipped off so easily."

"I wish you wouldn't be so literal. But if you'll only watch Mr. Markham, you'll see that he's dark and dangerous, like my grandmother's best lounge. But I must be going, dear. I've to do some more shopping."

CANADIENNE.

"Dairy Butter" from Offal.

Strange revelations have lately been made by the Moscow police regarding the manufacture of butter. The managers of several factories raided here admit that they used only 10 per cent. of the genuine article imported from Siberia, and mixed it with offal fat and chemicals to produce what they called "dairy butter." The so-called genuine article now proves to have had no connection with cows. But the Siberian exporters turned out such a cleverly concocted substance that it deceived even the Moscow adulterators.

One of the factories visited dealt ex-

Drive Away That Nervous Feeling.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will do it—What they did for M. Mongeot, of Masson, Que.

Do you feel nervous and irritable? Do little things bother you? Does your work seem a trouble and life as a whole hardly worth living? Do you know that it is your stomach that is to blame? That the most frequent effects of indigestion are nervousness, and that irritable feeling and low spirits?

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will prove this to you. Carry a few of them in your pocket, take one or two after eating, and you will soon find your nervousness gone and yourself in good spirits and at peace with all the world.

Thousands of others have proved this. M. Mongeot of Masson, Que., says: "I suffered from dyspepsia and was terribly troubled with nervousness. For eighteen months I was miserable. One box of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets helped me considerably, and continuing their use, I was soon cured."

Children in Court.

Curious survivals of outworn theology linger in the formalities of police courts. It is still the fashion to ask small children—before the oath is administered—if they know what will happen to children who do not speak the truth. And most people will sympathize with the eminent judge who, when the child replied "I don't know," retorted: "Neither do I." At Worship street, on Thursday, an infant replied that "Little girls who did not tell the truth would go into the burning fire." We are glad to see that Mr. Cluer, the magistrate, jumped at once on the teaching of such doctrines. Such a motive for telling the truth cannot last beyond the age when the intelligent girl or boy sees the absurdity of it. "If should be jolly well ashamed of myself!" would be a much more convincing—and lasting—answer.

The Duke's "Missus."

A good story is going the rounds of a certain noble Duke whose wife holds a distinguished position at court. His Grace had occasion to dismiss a workman in his employ. The man paused a moment, and then said, "Certainly, your Grace; but, poor as I am, I ain't never been forced to send the missus to service." Nobody, it is needless to say, enjoys the story more than the Duke himself.

Papal Beans.

An amusing story is told in Rome of a tailor of the name of Pius Santopadre, who was to receive a sack of beans, but as the address ran "Santopadre Pio Sarto" the beans were conveyed to the Vatican and used in the Papal kitchen. In vain the sarto (tailor) waited for his beans, and he has now brought an action

against the Vatican for illegal appropriation of the goods.



When the Lamp of Life Burns Low

the strain on all the delicate organs of the body is very great. The stomach and bowels are weaker—the liver more sluggish. Constipation paves the way for dreaded kidney and liver diseases.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

Nature's own aperient, is extracted from the pure juices of fresh fruit. It is not a purgative but a gently effective and insistent laxative. It relieves the system of all impurities and acts upon the most sensitive organs without discomfort. Abbey's cleanses and purifies the blood, regulates the bowels and brings sound refreshing sleep. It cures constipation by removing the cause, and brings the entire system back to healthful vigor. Directions on the bottle. At all druggists 50c. and 60c.

In the Kitchen.

The purity, whiteness and dryness of Windsor Salt makes it an ideal Salt for the dairy and kitchen.

It does not cake—it dissolves easily—it is nothing but pure Salt.

Windsor Salt.

BEST GROCERS SELL IT.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED
 BREWERS and MALSTERS
 Manufacturers of the Celebrated...
 WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE... ALES
 The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops

Windsor Salt.

The Kind of Man a Woman Likes.

On the face of it, the answer is obvious. A woman likes any kind of man better than no man at all. But what sort of man do the majority of women like best? Good women appear to favor bad men, perhaps because opposites attract, and also because they frequently appear to entertain a foolish delusion that they might be able to reform them. On the other hand, it is often found that unprincipled women—one does not like to call them "bad," for, as a gallant Irish peer once observed, the only way in the world that a true gentleman will ever attempt to look at the faults of an attractive woman is to shut his eyes—are usually keen in looking out for a man whom they term "a good sort," one who will let them have their own way in everything, and who is kind-hearted, generous, patient, self-sacrificing and devoted (if such can be found). But nearly all women appreciate a kind-hearted man, a man who is attentive to their wants, considerate of their weaknesses, full of petits soins, and lavish with his compliments and caresses—and, needless to say, his money.

A mean, niggardly man is particularly disliked, no matter what good qualities he may be possessed of in other directions. It may be absolutely necessary to exercise the strictest supervision over the household expenditure, but if the chancellor of the domestic exchequer has reduced the study of economy to a fine art and is little short of a financial genius, it will be deemed at best but a negative virtue on his part, and his chaperoning policy will rarely commend itself either to his wife or to any other member of his household.

"I like a man to be a man," is an oft-repeated dictum of the fair sex. This axiomatic saying seems, at first, absurdly simple. But the Delphic utterance, with epigrammatic brevity and comprehensiveness, reveals, upon examination, a tremendous truth. Woman likes a man who is anything rather than a duplicate of herself. He must be manly, not effeminate; strong where she is weak; bold where she is timid; dauntless, outspoken and passionate where she is hesitating, fearful and reserved.

He must be a man who can act well his part in the outside world, for, strange to say, woman rarely likes or appreciates the domesticated man who, they say, is "like a woman about the house" and who can wash and dress the children, or put them to bed, or cook the dinner with equal facility. Most women seem actually to prefer that a man should be positively helpless when within the walls of his own home, but probably this is because they wish him to realize his utter dependence upon them, and his incapacity to grapple with domestic problems of any and every kind during their absence.

It is the modern human fashion to consider that women are not ruled by passion. Never was there a greater fallacy. If woman is ruled by anything beyond her own whims and fancies for the moment, it is by passion—but she calls it love. Women, as a rule, are all more or less passionate, and the men who appeal to her primitive passions and instincts are the men she really likes best.

"Man dreams of fame while woman wakes to love."

and since love is a woman's "whole existence" the reason why she allows sentiment to guide her rather than common sense is not far to seek.

In spite of Wilkie's well-known boast that though it took him half an hour just "to talk away his face" (on account of his extreme plainness) he would beat any man that entered the lists against him for a lady's favor, it is undeniable that most women prefer men who are good-looking, and, in addition, well-groomed and smart in appearance. Not that they admire a dandy or a fop, or a man who attaches too much importance to dress and fashion.

When Wilkie wrote his challenge to Lord Townshend he said: "Your lordship is one of the handsomest men in the kingdom, and I am one of the ugliest; yet give me but half an hour's start, and I will enter the lists against you with any woman you choose to name, because you will omit attentions on account of your fine exterior, which I shall double on account of my plain one." This is, of a certainty, a challenge full of assurance and conceit, but Wilkie knew his world—or, at any rate, the feminine portion of it—when he suggested the powerful influence of "attentions." No true woman ever disregards or disapproves of "attentions," even when bestowed by men to whom she is indifferent, but when they come from the man of her heart and choice they are treasured and prized enormously.

A woman is both fond and faithful, and the more a man respects her sensitiveness and her not always or altogether unworthy weaknesses over this question of sentiment the better she likes him. Women admire bravery, pluck, heroism in a man, also his skill in athletic sports and outdoor games generally. Commanding intellect or talent does not appeal to them in the same degree. Clever women, in particular, have a keen eye for physical perfection and prowess in a man. They admire a witty man, but they do not love him. The quiet woman likes a lively man, one who can "talk interestingly," and prevent her from feeling dull; the chatterbox prefers a quieter specimen of humanity, who will be content to let her do all or most of the talking, but who will be genial and attentive, not surly or gloomily unresponsive.

"Has your master come home yet?" asked the wife of a city man, addressing her housemaid. "No, ma'am," answered the girl. "But I thought I heard him in the hall just now!" continued the lady. "Oh, that was Towser you heard, ma'am, growling over a bone!" The grumpy, growling kind of man is most emphatically not the kind of man any woman likes, but she will forgive a great deal to a man who is cheerful and sympathetic, ready to make the best of things, considerate in trifles, thoughtful for her comfort, and anxious to protect her to the best of his ability "till death do them part."—Modern Society.

Peculiar Prisoners.

Western prisoners report refers to a peculiar difficulty. The State still has under lock and key a number of Imperial life-sentence prisoners, transported

An Extra Chance

For Delivery in Great Britain by

CHRISTMAS WEEK....



THE EVE OF NEW YEAR is the great gift-giving time in the Old Country. We have therefore extended our offer to deliver, free of all charges, shipments of **MACLAREN'S IMPERIAL CHEESE** to Old Country friends of Canadian buyers, and will **Guarantee Delivery** during Christmas week of all orders sent in to us by **Wednesday, December 16th**. This is a last opportunity for 1903, and one you should not miss. **Here is our offer:**

We will deliver to any address in England, Scotland or Ireland a dozen or half a dozen of our Imperial Cheese without one cent charge beyond the regular price, viz., 10c, 25c, 50c per jar. This is an opportunity to give Old Country friends a holiday surprise with a delicious worthy Canadian product.

If you will forward us your card we will see that it is carefully packed in the case going to your friend.

Prices—Individual size jar 10c per jar \$1.20 per dozen.
Small 25c Medium 50c Large 1.00

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51 COLBORNE STREET, TORONTO.

Other dealers imitate our jars and labels, and are now imitating our advertisements. They cannot, however, imitate the quality of MacLaren's Imperial Cheese.

thirty-five to forty years ago. A locally sentenced lifer has been known to get out in less than eight years, and, under present rules, can get out in sixteen years, so that generations of lifers have come and gone while the Imperial cheese remains. Applications to Britain for permission to turn them loose have been unsuccessful. "It ought not to be difficult to find a way out of the trouble," suggests an Australian writer. "If they cannot be let go, what is the matter with transporting them to England? It would be cheaper than keeping them till they are all dead. But the best idea is to turn them loose and say nothing about it to Britain."

The Value of Charcoal.

Few People Know How Useful It Is in Preserving Health and Beauty.

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables. Charcoal effectively cleans and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but, on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician, in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

Challenge the Judge.

The Rochester "Post Express" thinks that the Buffalo witnesses who explained on the stand the other day that he preferred not to tell the truth as it might militate against the success of his side, was as frank as the old darkey who was put upon the witness stand and was asked whether he would understand what would happen if he did not tell the truth. He replied: "I 'specs our side'll win de case, sah." It was a negro of a similar type who was being tried on a criminal charge, and during the preliminary part of the trial he had a juror challenged on the ground of prejudice.

"Are there any more jurymen who have

a prejudice against you?" enquired his counsel. "No, sah," replied the old man. "De jury is all right now, but I sholy would like to challenge de judge."—Buffalo "Commercial."

Sat Night and Day in a Chair.

Till Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured his Rheumatism.

William Doeg, of Strong Township, Hale and hearty after Four Years of Torture—The Story of his Sickness and his Cure.

Sundridge, Dec. 7.—(Special.)—After four years of torture, during which he was scarcely an hour free from pain, William Doeg, a farmer living on concession 3, Strong Township, and well known here, is a hale and hearty man. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him. Speaking of his cure, Mr. Doeg says:

"The trouble started in my back, and the pain got so bad I could not lie down to take rest, but had to sit night and day in a chair."

"The pain would sometimes move to other parts of my body, and when in my knees I was unable to walk."

"I was treated for Rheumatism by several doctors, and also tried different medicines without receiving any benefit. I feared I would never again be free from pain."

"My attention was called to cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills and I started to use them. Before I had finished the second box I was a new man, entirely free from pain. It has not come back since."

"Uric acid in the blood is the cause of Rheumatism. If the kidneys are working right they take all the uric acid out of the blood. Dodd's Kidney Pills make the kidneys work right."

"That woman's boss of the ward all right," said the first repeater, in the days of female suffrage, "and she's a regular terror, ain't she?" "That's what!" replied the other; "I wanted \$2 for my vote, and she wouldn't gimme more'n \$1.98."—Philadelphia "Press."

The "American" Invasion.

Brandon, Manitoba, Oct. 19. FOUND the big man who boarded the train at Regina was inclined to be communicative, and as we thundered eastward through the night the hard seats of the colonist cars discouraged sleep.

We were both going a "short" journey only—some 450 miles—to Brandon, in Manitoba, but I had found the sleeper full, and my companion said he "couldn't stand being stuffed up in those cars." As my cigar case grew rapidly lighter, he commented emphatically on a paragraph I pointed him out in an English newspaper.

"Say," said he, "just you write that chap and tell him he's away off about the West becoming 'Americanized'; I guess he doesn't know what a real 'American' is."

"But they have been coming in by thousands this year," I objected.

"Not 'Americans,'" said my companion. "Up along the Prince Albert Railway, where I come from, there have been over a thousand families settled this year in one district I know of, and though they all come from 'America,' they are no more 'Americans' than I am."

I looked puzzled. "What are they then?"

"They are all Germans," said my friend, "and it's as reasonable to say that Manitoba is becoming Russianized by the Doukhobors, as to say these men are 'Americanizing' the North-West. A German is a German, just as a French

man is a Frenchman, the world over, whether he's in Quebec or Paris, Chicago or Berlin; but he will make a good Canadian just the same for this Western country, if he gets the chance."

"Why," he continued vehemently, "we have no time to fool with that sort of thing when there is all this to settle up"—and he waved his hand towards the darkness—"what we want are good settlers, and we don't care a darn if they are from Iceland or 'America,' Germany or Scandinavia. Their children will be what I am, a Canadian heart and soul; but if Canada is ever to amount to anything, we must have the people here to develop her. The true 'Americans' of the States are the English-speaking people. You don't hear of German-Americans, or Italian-Americans, or French-Americans over there."

"No," I retorted, "but you hear a good deal of French-Canadians on this side of the line."

"I heard a good deal about Scotsmen when I was over in Great Britain," was the reply. "French-Canadians are as much a people as they are, or as the Dutchmen of South Africa are. If a thousand Germans had settled in the North-West a hundred and fifty years ago, there would be German-Canadians here also. But they didn't, and the world moves too fast for that now. I guess there are about as many different 'peoples' or nations in it as there is room for."

"A great number of the 'Americans' settling in the North-West are English-speaking," I remarked.

"Why shouldn't they make as good Canadians as the British settlers in 'America' have made good 'Americans'?" he asked.

"The rank and file of the working world are not concerned with international politics, and ambitious schemes of that sort. They read about them in the papers and then light the fire with them. When a man has got to figure on getting a living off 160 acres of virgin prairie, he's too tired of nights to trouble about kings or presidents or emperors, and when he's on velvet and the living is coming pretty easily he'll hurr on the 4th of July, and cheer on Albert Edward's birthday just as hard. He don't care a fig for most of the pretty little distinctions of race and nationality that you think so much of; but he will admit that our land laws and legal administration in this Canadian North-West are better than those of the State he came from. And he makes the best settler we have ever had in the North-West, for he knows the game from the start, and no matter what happens, you can't stick him anywhere."

"Then you really approve of the 'American invasion'?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, or any other invasion of as good men. They are worth a shipload of greasy Poles, and don't cost any money to settle either; it's the Northern Europeans we want."

"What nationality was your father?" I asked.

His blue eyes and fair hair told me before he answered: "My father was a Norwegian sailor, who settled in Nova Scotia fifty years ago, and if I can give a lift to a Norwegian, you bet I always do it. If I had my way, I'd Scandinavianize the North-West."

And he laughed merrily as he lit the end of his cigar.

H. T. Munn, in London "Outlook."

Mommson the Absent-Minded.

"Endless anecdotes are told of the great Mommson, who was always buried in his own thoughts. I was on a tram one day as the little man with the big hat and long hair jumped off to go into the university. Said the conductor to me, with a grin: 'That's Mommson. He doesn't know his own children!' The good professor's quiver was very full—I believe he had thirteen children—and it is a fact that he met one of them weeping in the street and tried to console it, without in the least recognizing it."

"One of the best stories, and perfectly true, is the following: A friend of Mommson's met him one day in the Linden, coming from the university, hatless—as he frequently was—and walking in the gutter with one foot on the pavement. His friend asked him how he was; and Mommson replied, 'Well, I feel all right; but I notice to-day that I seem to be limping. I fear I have got rheumatism.'"

"Anthony Hope" on Marriage.

Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, who was the special guest at a house dinner of the Authors' Club, referring to his recent marriage, said that twelve months before he became qualified to address them as a Benedict he wrote down his impressions of matrimony, occupying, as he did, to use the historic phrase, "a position of greater freedom and less responsibility," and he hoped that his no doubt ignorant but highly interesting lucubrations would find a publisher within the ensuing year. It was notorious that novelists wrote much better without experience than with it. Anyhow, he was going to call the novel "Double Happiness."

Literature, he continued, did not exist for the sake of making money. Money was a by-product, but it was a by-product which could easily be utilized. Even though a book was good, it sometimes insisted on making money.

The Advertiser's Version.

'Tis said that little drops of ink Do oft make countless thousands think; But what of more importance is, It makes them buy and leads to biz.

—Judge.

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In pursuance of its annual custom, the Passenger Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has just issued an attractive and comprehensive book descriptive of the leading winter resorts of the East and South, and giving the rates and various routes and combinations of routes of travel. Like all the publications of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, this "Winter Excursion Route Book" is a model of typographical and pictorial work. It is bound in a handsome and artistic cover in colors, and contains much valuable information for winter tourists and travelers in general. It can be had free of charge at the principal ticket offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, or will be sent postpaid upon application to George W. Boyd, general passenger agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

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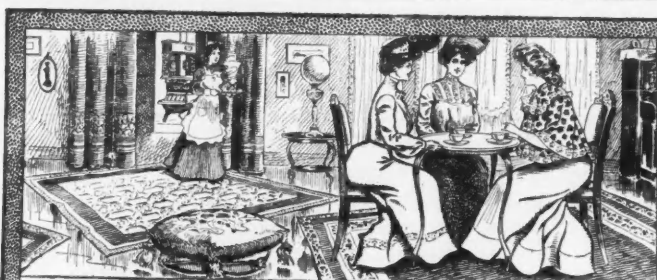
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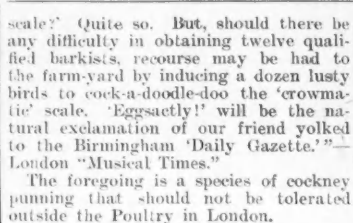
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Princess Alice of Albany.

MORE than one great foreign marriage was discussed for Princess Alice of Albany, and many people expected that, as her brother had turned German in order to succeed to the Duchy of Coburg, the sister would also become a personage in the Fatherland, with every advantage save one, that of retaining some shred of personal liberty. What with Teuton court etiquette and the heavy, all-pervading Hohenzollern thumb, the Princess would have had to suppress her own individuality and be quite subservient to relations-in-law and the many regulations framed for consorts of German princes.

The marriage she is about to make with Prince Alexander of Teck, the youngest son of a popular and much-lamented British princess, allows her to remain in the land of her birth. King Edward may well have been gratified on hearing of the betrothal, as it is advisable in the interests of his grandchildren of Wales that their uncles of Teck should give them creditable aunts-in-law, and in this instance the fiancée of Prince Alexander is a royal highness, born a princess of Great Britain and Ireland.

The Duchess of Albany, who has had to spend some time in Germany attending to her son's interests, will live more in future in England, where she is so deservedly beloved. As regards money matters, the country does nothing for the young couple, as they are not included among nationally-endowed highnesses, but rich connections will doubtless help them to set up housekeeping in moderate style.

The Princess Alice of Albany has had a quiet girlhood, but it has made her very far from dull. She cannot compete with her cousins "Ena" or Patricia in the boisterous vivacity which they display when they are among young people of their own age. But she is very bright and winsome, and is certainly sprightlier than her Dutch cousin Wilhelmina was before her marriage. Never having known a father's love, she has had to rely upon her devoted mother for her insight into the mystery of life, yet it will always be to the credit of the widowed Duchess that she sank her own feelings and ambitions, and made herself as much an elder sister as possible to both her heirs.

The bride-to-be is one of the most cultivated women of her rank and station. One of the first books to be put into her hands when she reached years of intelligence was "Sesame and Lilies," and the title of this charming creation of the genius of John Ruskin is in itself a parable, a description of her life. For she desires to be both useful and ornamental, a blessing to her generation, and a worthy figure in the social history of our time. She has a brilliant future, and will go far.

What a Difference!

There was a young lady named Maude,
Who said she hated boated;
For all men she hated,
Both single and mated—
But in the dark corners—Good Lawd!

Why the Other Women Hate the "Man's Woman."

All young men and some old men who ought to know better are convinced that women hate the "man's woman" because the man like her. But as a rule, those qualities which make a person popular attract men and women alike, and there are girls who hold the general and equal affection of all the women as well as all the men of their acquaintance.

The usual "man's woman" is detested by other girls because they know her. It is not natural for a girl to be a "man's woman," and to attain that character she has to play many parts and be all things to all men. The "man's woman" as a rule, is insincere. She goes out of her way and practices unwomanly arts to attract men for whom she cares nothing, but whose attendance feeds her vanity. When in company with girls, no men being present, the "man's woman" delights in humiliating and insulting other women. The "man's woman" can be very mean and waspish when she deems it safe to be sincere. But when men come in, she becomes gracious and benignant to the same woman whom, perhaps, a moment before, she was taunting and stinging. A man, seeing her generous manner to these other women, attributes to jealousy the hatred with which she is regarded by his sisters.

Men, especially young men, are generally poor judges of women at first sight. They pick out the showy, shallow girls who talk fluently and sing college songs, and they see nothing in quieter bodies who, perhaps, possess better minds and hearts than more ostentatious and more popular girls. If only the poor-fools of men who whisper confidences into the ear of the "man's woman," and write silly letters to her, could hear the goddess repeating their secrets and reading their letters aloud to crowds of giggling girls, if the deluded men could behold the "man's woman" mimicking them to whole rooms-full of other women, they would moderate their admiration for her.

The art of the "man's woman" consists in making each man believe that he is the one particular man, her nearest intimate and dearest friend. This involves a certain amount of hypocrisy. To other women there is a note of falsehood in every tone of the "man's woman." Women know one another to the core. They read one another by intuition, while man has to learn them by the painful method of practical experience.

But sooner or later, each individual man finds out the "man's woman" and quits her. That is her punishment and the other women's vindication. One by one the men that hung about her have their eyes opened. Sometimes this operation is painful to them, sometimes it is a trifling incident in their lives. They go their several ways, wiser, and marry the girls that the "man's woman" has snubbed and derided. And when she sees thirty drawing near and herself still unwed, the "man's woman" often marries some silly boy in a hurry, before he has had time to think, and retires from the field amid laughter.

A curate once smote at a tree,
And threw his new club up a tree,
Saying, "Fie! My! Oh dear!!!
I must give up, I fear,
Either golf or the Ministry!"
—Ethel Watts Mumford.

The Habitant.

It is a little world of its own, French Canada. Outside its limits there is nothing worthy of consideration. And it is a beautiful world. A world of forests, dark and sweet-scented; of broad-bosomed rivers and flashing mountain streams. A world of snug homes and kindly cures, of little fenced gardens and big fenced fields. A world that wakes with white dawns, and works from the moment the red sun gilds the village spire till the spire's cracked bell tinkles the Angelus. Horny-handed, bowed-backed, hard-faced and simple-minded are the people of this world, earning their living by the sweat of their brow year in and year out without question or complaint. Content to till and harvest as their fathers did before them; happy to live the life, hopeful to die the death, of their class and kind, such is the way of les Habitants.

Whether they love England little or much; whether or not they look askance at an Imperialism unifying the aspirations of—to them—an alien race; whether and however their ideals be grounded, or their conscious efforts directed, they are none the less excellent citizens of Canada, and helpful, however unwillingly or unconsciously, in the building up of Greater Britain. They are an atomic survival of mediaevalism. Their laws, their customs, their very speech are relics of another age. The grand seigneur, with his high rights, passed not more swiftly in France than did the Reel of the Midi—that hungry, heroic crowd—in their march northward.

Untouched by the bloody sheet that worked a frenzied people's will; intimidated by no loaded tumbrel, jolting a pallid aristocracy to destruction, the grand seigneur is to-day a person—in Quebec. Perhaps he profited by example, and perchance his right of pillory, pit and gallows, and others more unspeakable, are as so many shadows; perhaps he has grown bourgeois, and instead of exercising his lordly will to remove the popular grievance, he writes to the newspapers—but there is sufficient of the old seigneur left to be remarkable.

As to loyalty to Great Britain—bear with me while I sound the Habitant. "And what is patriotism?" asked my Habitant. "Love for your country," answered I, unthinkingly, "and a readiness to sacrifice, if needs be, your life at her need." The Habitant looked a little puzzled. This, said he in effect, is my country. Here was I born, as was my father before. Here are my children and my grandchildren. I know these lakes, these woods, these fields, as I know my own garden. My grandfather fought for this land, driving out the Yankees in 1812, while I carried my rifle in the Fenian invasion. I speak French, but France is not my home. I live under the British flag, but England is nothing to me. I am a Canadian first and last, and if he who loves his country best is the finest patriot, then there is no greater patriot than I.

Briefly, this is the attitude of French Canada. It is actively loyal to Canada, it is not actively disloyal to Great Britain. "Canada first," this is its motto. Only there is really no second—absolutely none. If you can understand a passion for Quebec, with an apathy for the rest of Canada, and an attitude of supreme indifference toward the remainder of the British Empire, not to say the civilized world, you can understand the French-Canadian and place him at his value. He is not an Imperialist, he is not a "Rule Britannia" loyalist; he represents isolated parochialism at its best and worst; he is an anachronism, a bit of the seventeenth century living on the fringe of the twentieth. And withal, he is rather lovable; if his outlook is narrow, his humanity is broad; if his ideas are small, his heart is large. I like the Habitant—Toronto, forgive me!—on first acquaintance he is pleasing. Perhaps if I had to live alongside him all my life. But, then, I have not. —Edgar Wallace in London "Daily Mail."

Curious Epitaphs.

While we were talking of epitaphs on shipboard the other night, Captain Passow repeated lines that are engraved upon the tombstone of Nellie Shalmer, who for half a century baked pies and cakes at Cambridge, England, and peddled them among the students of the university:

Here in the dust the mouldering crust
Of Eleanor Shalmer is shovelled.
Well versed in the art of pie, pastry and tart

And the lucrative skill of the oven.
When she'd lived long enough she made
her last puff.

A puff by her husband much praised;
Now here she doth lie, and makes a dirt
pie.

In hopes that her dust may be raised.
This epitaph is said to have been written by a famous doctor of divinity when he was a student at Cambridge. Captain W. H. Williams contributed the following, which he found in a cemetery on the Island of Jamaica:

Here lies the bodies of two sisters dear,
One is buried in Ireland, and the other
is buried here.

Which reminds me of a tombstone at
Monson, Mass., which reads:

Here lies the body of Jonathan Round,
Who was lost at sea and never found.

Near by, in the same cemetery, is the joint tomb of three wives of a farmer who formerly resided at that place. His first wife was originally buried in the neighboring village of Palmer and during the removal of her remains a portion was lost. The bereaved husband, being a very exact and accurate man, would permit no deception even in an epitaph, so after the stone was erected he had carved upon it the following:

Here lies the dust
Of the second and third wives of
William Blount
And part of his first.

Joseph F. Auerbach, the eminent New York lawyer, who is engaged in the litigation over the street car franchises in Chicago, and who, if it is much more prolonged, will be able to vote in that city, told us of a monument in the cemetery at Rockville Center, a Long Island village, erected in memory of a number of sailors who were lost in the wreck of the schooner "Bristol" of Mexico on that coast some time in the fifties.

There are several inscriptions, one testifying to the liberality of the citizens of the town of Hempstead in providing a plot of ground, the dimensions of which are given, for the interment of the bodies. Another inscription reports the fact that the expenses of the burial were paid from money found on the bodies of the deceased, supplemented by funds contributed by charitable citizens of the town. The third is purely sentimental, and has nothing to do with the finances. It was written by the village poet, and reads:

Beneath this monument doth sleep
The bodies of those that crossed the
deep;
Instead of being landed safe on shore
On a cold, frosty morning they all were
no more.
—Chicago "Record-Herald."

When Morgan's Money Talked.

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan rarely indulges in speech-making. On one occasion, however, says the "Saturday Evening Post," he made a palpable hit in an after-dinner effort. The affair was a banquet to celebrate the successful and long-continued pastorate of the well-known Rev. Dr. Rainsford, rector of St. George's Church, New York.

Mr. Morgan had been prevailed on to act as toastmaster, with the understanding, however, that no speech was to be expected from him. When the cigar-and-story point of the dinner was reached Mr. Morgan touched off each speaker by a simple "naming of his name." But the diners grew impatient, and finally the prevailing sentiment expressed itself in cries of "Speech! Speech!" and significant glances at the head of the table.

Mr. Morgan, whose genius for mastery is only equalled by his tact in yielding a point, rose and began to describe how Dr. Rainsford had been induced to come to the church. He told of the doubt and the hesitation.

"Would he come or would he not come?" said Mr. Morgan. "And what would lead to his decision?"

At this period in his speech Mr. Morgan became slightly enervated, and thrust his hand deep down in the pocket of his trousers, where it encountered and jingled some silver currency.

The Queer Beggar Boys of Calcutta.

Of all the street arabs of the world's big cities, those of Calcutta are the most peculiar in their ways.

The majority of the Calcutta arabs live on the streets, and seldom know the shelter of a roof. Late at night, when the traveler goes along the streets he will find the walks on both sides of him lined with the prostrate forms of sleeping vagabonds, most of them boys.

When the coolie boy of Calcutta is old enough to walk, he is shoved out into the world to earn his own living. Usually he begins by begging. These boy beggars have peculiar ways of plying their trade. Almost naked, they will run beside a cab or an omnibus containing white men, crying:

"Buckseesh, sahib; buckseesh, sahib; no got mother, sahib; no got father, sahib; no got aunt or uncle, sahib; no got brother or sister, sahib; no poor orphan, sahib; me very hungry, sahib; no got rice, no got banana, sahib; buckseesh, sahib."

And all the time he will be slapping his stomach to signify its emptiness. Some boys have done this so long that on their right sides they have large, round spots where the skin has become toughened from continual slapping, and is as hard as the palm of a laboring man. They have a peculiar way of striking with their hands which gives the blow a hollow sound, like hitting an empty barrel.

In the big markets of Calcutta you find crowds of boys who carry large empty baskets on their turbaned heads. They earn their living by carrying your purchases for you while you shop. Almost all the traders in the stalls began their careers in that manner.

Why, Oh, Why?

Since our little Willie began to study Caesar he can say "Oronno Gallia" without any prompting in the world. As he bends his curly head over his studies we watch him with fond affection. Suddenly he turns to us with the bright smile that we are thinking of having patented.

"Mother," he asks, "isn't Latin one of the dead languages?"

"Yes, dear," we reply, trembling with anticipation.

"Then I wish they would bury it," says the darling as he upsets the ink-bottle.

And yet there are people who say that children haven't souls.

The Real Land of Topsy-Turvydom.

China is the land of topsy-turvydom. The Chinaman does almost everything in exactly the opposite way from that adopted by the "foreign devils" of the West.

The needle of his compass points to the south, ours to the north.

The bow of his junk is like the stern of our ships, and the junk seems to sail backward.

We use a light, feather-stuffed pulow to support the head. The Celestial supports his neck instead, and he does so with a block of wood or a brick.


We use the Christian name before the surname. The Chinaman uses the surname first, and what corresponds to the Christian name second.

The Chinaman puts on his hat to salute a friend, instead of taking it off; and he laughs when he receives bad news with the idea of deceiving evil spirits anxious to gloat over his misfortunes.

The West long nails are deemed untidy; in China they are the correct thing. The honored guest in China is placed at the left hand of his host, and soup is the last course at dinner instead

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of the first.

A Chinaman reads and writes in the reverse way to ourselves, and wears white when he goes into mourning instead of black. He puts his heels in the stirrups when riding—not his toes.

Chinese women wear trousers, and Chinese men often wear gowns. A Chinaman pays his doctor to keep himself and his family well, and the payment is suspended while there is sickness in the house.

When a Chinaman meets his friends he shakes his own hand—not theirs. And so the contrast might be taken through almost every habit and act of daily life. The Chinaman is a topsy-turvy individual from start to finish. No doubt he thinks the same of us.

Two newsboys in the gallery of a suburban theater were one evening witnessing a performance of the play of "Hamlet." In the last scene, after Hamlet has killed Laertes and the King, and the Queen has died of poison and Hamlet of a poisoned wound, one of the newsboys exclaimed: "Jim, what a time that must have been for 'extra specials'!"

The Jogerly Lesson.

Of isthmuses, continents, capes, and canals

The pupils had shown off their knowledge most fully

Said the senior director, "The bys and the gals

Hev sartilly got up their jogerly bully. Just one other question I'd like to per-

round—

What 'e other votewer? Who'll tell fer a penny?"

A moment of silence, intense and profound.

"Hit's a mountain what's sick at the stomick," said Bennie.

—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Editorial Valuation.



Ethel—A penny for your thoughts.
Poet—Gad! you talk like an editor.

The Collecting Mania.

The stamp collector is probably the worst offender; but there are innumerable others. One ass's bray is sometimes louder than another's. There are people above the age of twelve who apparently make a point of rushing from place to place in Europe, in order to send each other postcards with pictures on them, and no room to write. This is a delectable entertainment for the young, no doubt; but I understand the aged indulge in it, and proudly exhibit piles of trophies gathered from innumerable fields within the Postal Union. This is the last weakness of ignoble minds, and one is prepared for anything thereafter.

Coins have in some way a sort of excuse in themselves, if the collectors, that is, really understand anything about them. And collections of pictures also might be tolerated if collectors hung them on their walls and admired them. But the man who buys his pictures to stack them in his cellars has passed from the dignity of the connoisseur to the shamelessness of the collector, and deserves no ruth.

It is the same with prints and jewels. These things are valuable, or, at any rate, interesting enough in themselves; but they must needs be rendered infinitely costly and deadly uninteresting by the collector.

The cult of first editions is even more ignoble than that of rare prints. It is a commercial matter, in which the credulity and folly of the collector make the market price. It is not sentiment that moves the collector of these things, for he will exchange or sell his boasted Dickens or Scotts for other volumes by other authors which he considers more precious. He is actuated wholly by this abominable mania. Dealers know it, and grin in their sleeves, so to speak, and batten on him, until they, too, become infected by the disease, and the madness goes round.

I am told that there is a fortunate man in England who is the glorious

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possessor of four hundred odd portable dials. Think of it! Think of how much he could do with four hundred odd portable sundials. And the reason that he took to sundialing was that his family collected everything else collectable that he could think of! It is an illustrious position, and must lend dignity to any common mortal.

It is a well-known fact that collecting dulls the moral faculties and prevents a proper realization of the demarcation between meum and tuum. I have known philatelists play the most abominable tricks in what is known, I believe, as "swaps," and it is notorious that you cannot trust a china ornament to a china maniac. But the craze for china is more or less decent in comparison with more unworthy manias. The latest development is that tobacco merchants are pandering to this de-based taste by stimulating the collection of gaudy picture-cards for cigarette-boxes. This is already demoralizing our youth. It is a pity someone will not collect collectors—and dispose of them. —H. B. Marriott-Watson.

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Copp, Clark Co. Publishers Toronto

An Effective Ending.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu took commendable pains not to conclude her letters so abruptly as to jar her correspondents. Note in the following how cleverly she at once excuses and avoids precipitation. At the end of a letter dealing largely with the Babel of tongues heard by her in Constantinople, she writes:

"As I prefer English to all the rest, I am extremely mortified at the daily decay of it in my head, where I'll assure you (with grief of heart) it is reduced to such a small number of words I cannot recollect any tolerable phrase to con-

clude my letter with, and am forced to tell your ladyship, very bluntly, that I am, yours, etc."

"George," said the little girl to her brother as she looked up from the paper she was reading, "it says here that another octogenarian is dead. What is an octogenarian?"

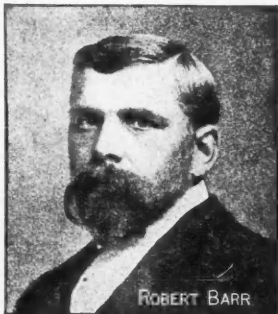
"Well, I don't know what they are, but they must be sickly creatures. You never hear of them but they are dying."

Books for the Holidays

SINCE the twenty-fifth of December belongs especially to the small people, the books over which flaxen heads may be bent deserve first place. There is a wee green volume, "The Story of Little Black Mingo," published by William Tyrrell & Co., that ought to please any childish imagination with its wonderful adventures and its grotesque pictures, wherein the dusky hero "Mingo" usually figures. Other interesting volumes from the same Toronto firm are three small books published in London, England, "The Daisy," "A New Riddle Book" and "The Cow-slip," bearing dates 1807, 1811 and 1778. The queer cover, with splashes of yellow, blue and red, the quaint little cuts of long ago and the serious verse make these little books decidedly interesting.

William Briggs has placed on the Canadian market a new story, "The O'Ruddy," on which Stephen Crane and Robert Barr collaborated. It is a sort of "Charles O'Malley" up-to-date—plenty of fighting, tumult and showing furnishing lively entertainment for the reader.

The world expects an exciting story from Max Pemberton, and in this respect, the world is not disappointed in his latest book, "Doctor Xavier," which is published by the Copp, Clark Company. We should be seriously concerned when the innocent English girl, Esther Venn, falls into the power of the mysterious and hypnotic Spaniard and is whisked off to a home of Oriental luxury were we not convinced that she will



ROBERT BARR

come unharmed out of it all. The villain is, as often happens, the most interesting character in the whole scene, and we should like to meet the wicked Xavier again and find out more about his weird experiments. We are assured that he is killed in Cadi, but Sherlock Holmes and other dead heroes have come back to life and are leading us a dance in the popular magazines. Wherefore, we may expect that such a delightfully bad person as Francisco Xavier may be only temporarily indisposed.

"The Plowshare and the Sword" is a tale of Old Quebec, by Ernest George Henham. The story covers a period of ten stormy years (1637-1647), and shows us the passion for conquest that possessed English, Dutch and French alike. Fighting and love flash and smile from every chapter; and it is fierce fighting and ardent love whose course we strive to follow. Modern fiction is more than filled with fencing contests. But the chapter, "Swordcraft," is worth reading, even in these days of the would-be historical novel. The little band of Englishmen was sadly scattered before the close of the story, and it was well to find the hero and heroine happy and comfortable at last in old Virginia. The early days of Quebec seem to form material for any number of romances. Not least among them is this tale of "The Plowshare and the Sword" (the Copp, Clark Company).

"The Art of the Pitti Palace," by Julia de Wolf Addison, is a book that will make an instant appeal to the lover of the historic and the beautiful. The book might almost be a treatise on Italian art, for the gallery contains gems from Fra Angelico and Botticelli, and the "somewhat degenerate art of Rosa, Reni and Dolci." There are forty illustrations, which are so clear and soft in impression that the reader gets some conception of the wealth and worth of the great gallery. The most familiar of these are Cigoli's "Ecce Homo," Andrea del Sarto's "Annunciation," Raphael's "Madonna of the Chair," and Raphael's



PAUL LEICESTER FORD

"Angelo Doni." The literary style of the book is in keeping with the nature of the subject—simple, dignified and illuminating. It is a volume that will be valued by any who wish to know of one of the greatest galleries in the most artistic land in the world. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Toronto: William Tyrrell & Co.

The name of Beatrice Harraden instantly conjures up that queer, morbid little book, "Ships That Pass in the Night," which so many read and so few understood. Her latest book, "Katharine Frensham," is one of rare power and insight. Clifford Thornton, a man of scientific taste and sensitive nature, is wedded to a woman whose lack of sympathy and violent temper utterly estrange her from his heart and interests. In some mysterious way she becomes impressed in a dream with her husband's suffering and aversion, and the knowledge kills her. Clifford, to whom she had told the dream, endures such self-reproach and misery as only a sensitive

soul can know, and fears that his son Alan blames him for the mother's death. How both father and son are brought back to sanity and happiness through the old Danish governess, "Knutty," and the bright young Katharine is the story that is told with a winsome freshness that is like a breath from the pine country. The book is better than merely clever. It is so thoroughly strong and cheering that we may put it among those choice volumes that are to be read many times and to become familiar friends. We feel almost as much obliged to the author as if she had introduced us to Katharine and "Knutty" in the flesh. A knowledge of them is better than many tonics, and their goodness is more refreshing than the badness of Becky Sharp. It is hard to recall just such charming and natural women in any other modern story. Knutty is the most motherly spinster that may be imagined, and might be called the salt of the earth, only for the spice of her practical nature. The life in Norway is graphically described, and even the old peasant's funeral is made a cheerful occasion, on which there is an abundance of cake and dearth of tears. The style is terse and restrained, showing a distinct growth since the days when the "Disagreeable Man" was depicted. The wisdom of introducing the music of a song into a novel may be seriously doubted. The reader is more likely to be bored than interested when he sees the bars of a Norwegian song b-fare him. The Copp, Clark Company.

"In Music's Thrall" is the title of a story by Lilla Nease, a young Canadian lady, which will, in a few days, issue from the press of William Briggs. The scene is laid partly in Ontario and partly in New York. A very pretty romance is developed.

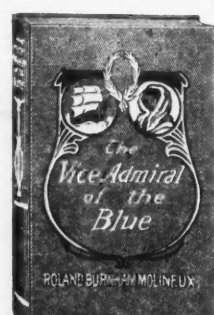
Miss Macfar's charming story, "Marjorie's Canadian Winter," which hitherto has been published by the Lothrop of Boston, will hereafter bear the imprint of William Briggs. Few stories so delightful as this for young readers have yet been written in Canada. It should continue in demand for years to come.

From the Copp, Clark Company comes an artistic illustrated catalogue, which shows a wide range of new publications by writers, ancient and modern.

Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson's "Nineteenth Century" article on "The Deleterious Effect of Americanization Upon Woman," which has attracted so much notice and has been read with mixed emotions by Americans, is published entire in the "Living Age" for December 5.

A calendar for 1904 designed by the Toronto Art League is published by the Musson Book Company. The illustrations are by such well-known artists as Thomson, Manly, Goode and Jefferys, and the calendar is a Canadian souvenir that will make an attractive gift for an exile from the Land of the Maple.

Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal proposals figure so largely in current news and discussion that a good many Americans must be glad to have an opportunity to learn from Mr. Chamberlain himself just what they are and by what arguments



they are supported. This opportunity they will have in the "Living Age" for December 12, which is to reprint, without abridgment, Mr. Chamberlain's famous Glasgow speech, as revised by him for publication.

A beautifully gotten up little book has just been sent out by the Copp, Clark Company (Limited), entitled "A Checked Love Affair," by Paul Leicester Ford. The author gives two prettily-told romances that are imbued with a flavor that reminds one of "The Dolly Dialogues." The volume is illustrated with photographs by Harrison Fisher, and the decorations which adorn each page are designed by George Wharton Edwards. Altogether the combination is most artistic and the book very suitable for a dainty Christmas gift.

As a Christmas gift-book Dr. Morgan's superbly illustrated volume "Types of Canadian Women Past and Present," should be much in demand this year. There are manifest in it valuable results for the four years of arduous labor spent in its preparation. Much of the history of our country is bound up in the lives and achievements of her gifted daughters.

In "Poems You Ought to Know" which is published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, there is a valuable collection of old favorites and poems hitherto unknown. The range is of the widest, both in time and subject. There are the words of the Psalmist David and there is a dainty snatch of song from Algeron Charles Swinburne. The collection has been made by Elia W. Peattie, the literary editor of the Chicago "Tribune," and evidence of literary judgment is plain in the absence of second-rate verse, although the "humbler poets" are not forgotten. The book is admirable in type, cover and illustration—just the thing for the Christmas season.

Most gossips like an auto are—
Deserving of our scorn;
For while they run their neighbors down
They also blow their horn.
—New York "Sun."

COUPON

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Pumpkin Pie.—So you have a great time in Indiana standing up for your own Canada? Well, see you do not weary in doing so, if your patriotism runs that way. I do not recall any place in the States where I've had to take up Canada's cudgels, but then patriots whose patriotism consists in belittling other countries don't seem to come my way. So glad you enjoy "Saturday Night." You are genuine, unless graphology lies. You are rather what is called a leading spirit and a good deal of tact, are not apt to keep a secret, have a pleasant temper, clear and logical thought, some facility of expression and considerable care for detail. Adaptability will make change of scene and circumstances less trying to you than to many others. You, however, like them to be harmonious and beautiful and are probably never quite at ease otherwise. There is some suspicion of a leading spirit, a leading spirit in your lines and plenty of energy and enterprise. October 4 brings you fully under Libra, one of the air signs, and rather inclined to variable temperament and impulse.

Night Owl.—October 30th brings you under Scorpio, a water sign, and you have a great deal of room for growth and development. You are now extravagant and illogical in your train of thought, fond of display, rather generous and careless, not apt to bestow consideration lightly nor to easily harbor new impressions. Writer does not show any decided aim and ambition, is energetic and adaptable, likely to pay great attention to the appearance rather than the inner value. It is the hand of a person who has not learned that denial is often better than indulgence.

Night Owl.—If not a very close relative of Night Owl it is the same hand disguised. There are very strong points of resemblance. I see you give your birth-day as the 8th of 2nd. This brings you under Leo, a fire sign, and you are not a very advanced citizen. Your writing is restless, erratic, impulsive to the verge of insincerity, concentrated—(this is directly opposite to Night Owl, whose thought is very diffuse). To "tell you the very worst" would break the press. I am not good at it either, so I won't say any more to you.

Iowa.—You struck me true note in your subscription. "Yours hopefully" rather touches the point, for you are an optimist, though not likely to be a dreamer or an impractical person in any respect. There is a good deal of wasted force about you and you are apt to persist unduly. You are practical, somewhat diplomatic, adaptable, not easily influenced, with a good deal of virility and some enterprise. It is not the hand of a very artistic or cultured person.

Night Owl.—Great natural ability and talent, good energy and enterprise and a keen feeling are shown. The hand is not formed and quite unfit for delineation.

Hard Luck.—November 3rd brings you under Scorpio, a strong and interesting water sign, not endowed with the unreliability of the Cancer month nor the paradoxical traits of Pisces. Scorpio is capable of a magnificent development and much charm. Its children often have a quantity original method and are very susceptible to flattery. Your study shows more strength than control and some erratic impulses, a tendency to pessimism and doubt, frank and sometimes unconsidered utterance, warm affection, but perhaps a tendency to exaction and jealousy. I am quite sure writer has decided to make a profession of a high order. There is a tendency to gild and convention and formality.

Small Fry.—August 25th gives you the practical and matter-of-fact Virgo, with some lingering passion and warmth from the strong and masterful Leo, and your instinct of motherliness, which belongs to most properly developed Virgo women, should blend with those traits to make you a first-rate and somewhat exacting chaperone. The study shows a hopeful and rather brave nature, decided in tastes and somewhat ambitious. Writer has a good deal of the "lift" suggesting inspiration in her lines, some sentiment, adaptability, concentration and a general brightness that is quite fetching. There isn't much yearning after the flesh pots of Egypt in the study, and a good deal of clever, dainty, refined thought and some taste and love of beauty. I must look up Sioux City. You might write me some particulars of it.

Autumn.—There is honest earnestness in every line. Don't take life too seriously, though, my friend. Your birthday, July 19, brings you under the waning influence of Cancer, the Crab, a water sign. You are a very nice specimen of that devious beastie, and when time has done a little more for you will be a nicer one. I have no idea from your writing whether you'd do better in the one vocation or the other. At present you are too young to dissect mercilessly. I mean too little experienced. Your natural ability is good, application fair and sense of order pronounced. You can cheerfully adapt yourself to circumstances, and, though not very logical, have a bright perception with a decidedly practical bent; sympathy, tact, love of beauty, are suggested, with a good deal of sentiment, but not a susceptible or very amenable nature. Quite a touch of ambition buoys up your lines.

Francesca.—You're good for quite a lot of things, but your energies and talents don't seem to be properly rounded up, so to speak. Wasted effort is shown, with an optimistic and generous and somewhat spendthrift nature, some susceptibility and great energy. The sense of beauty is strong, and mental vigor the same. Writer should be a business woman, and probably is, but not a conventional type. With all her bon homie, she is cautious and somewhat mistrustful, and would not easily give away her confidence.

M.H.T.—You seem to be having an uneasy time! Between prodding around to discover what is your special talent and doubting whether your chosen work couldn't be better done by some one else, and all the introspection and discouragement such a train of thought should evolve, I am sure I don't envy you. Just take a wise bit of advice and stop it. February 1st is a very good time to be born. You have all the great possibilities of far-reaching in thought. You think a good deal of appearances, have refined and pretty taste, good temper, practical aims, and some originality. Although you pose a trifle, you are honest.

"Bahli."—It takes five or six weeks for a letter to reach that part of India from Toronto. The English Christmas mail closes here on Tuesday next. I do not know the boat you speak of, but believe it to be a very comfortable one. For sailings apply to the Allan Line Agency. You can telephone to the office. I don't know, but \$150.00 for traveling expenses won't see you there and back if you travel first-class, even if you only remain for the return sailing. Two hundred will, quite amply, if you are econ-

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- The Story of the Gravelys By Marshall Saunders
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mingal and wise. Don't economize on tips; that isn't always wise. I never argue whether they are justifiable. I know I'd feel utterly mean if I didn't give, and foolish if I gave too much. The rate depends on a good deal on the boat and your accommodation.

Van.—Too young, I fear, to be a good study. You have the making of a very fine and worthy character.



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That you will be delighted with our splendid showing of **MEN'S FIXINGS** for the Holiday trade.

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WE haven't forgotten the boys either, and every boy customer from now till Christmas will receive a useful gift as a memento of his visit to our store.

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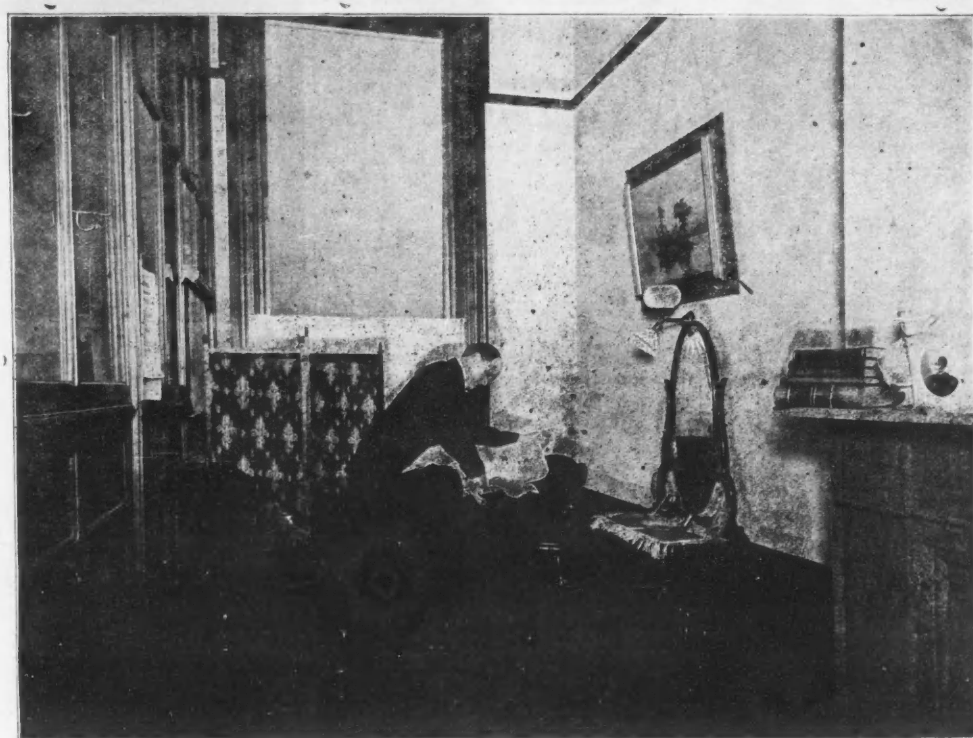
trance human bones were disinterred, together with military buttons, bullets, etc. It is thought that this was a trench in which the dead had been buried when the fort was taken in 1813.

As I listened to the tales of the veterans the stirring scenes of 1812-14 rose before me. York at this time was garrisoned by only about six hundred regulars and militia, and the "Americans" crossed the lake from Sackett's Harbor and effected a landing about half a mile west of the site of old Fort Rouille. Here Major Givens, with a company of Glengarry militia and twenty-five Indians, annoyed the "Americans" for some time, until forced by superior numbers to fall back. His main force having landed, General Pike moved steadily forward, every foot of the way being contested by the small body of the British that could be spared from the batteries. Overpowered at last, the little band was forced behind its defences. The first line of these was taken, and Pike's force had advanced within two hundred yards of the second line, when the fire of the battery in front of him suddenly ceased. He halted, thinking no doubt that silence meant surrender, but the next moment a terrific explosion shook the ground beneath their feet, and the head of the "American" column was literally blown into the air. Two hundred of the invading force were killed or wounded, General Pike being among the latter. A British artillery sergeant had fired the powder magazine to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy. The place was surrendered, but soon after evacuated. If the present plans are carried out, the Old Fort will be handed over to the city authorities, to be maintained as a park.

FREDERICK E. EARL.

Topics for Sunday Newspapers.

Should Caesar have crossed the Rubicon?
Do nightmares permanently affect the brain?
What is the proper bust measure of a woman of sixty?
If bacilli were unknown, would there be fewer insane asylums?



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The "Old Fort"—Past and Present.

ESTABLISHED at York (now Toronto), by Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe, at the mouth of Garrison Creek, in 1796, for the Queen's Rangers—garrisoned by British troops during the war of 1812-14, and at different times until 1871—taken by American troops, April 27, 1813, during the attack on York—evacuated May, 1813. This, in brief, is the history of what is known as the "Old Fort."

To many of the citizens of Toronto the place is unknown. Many of those who have visited it regard it simply as a relic of the past that should be wiped out of existence. To others it has a deeper significance: it is a link connecting the past with the present, and should be preserved. It is on the bank of Garrison Creek, where it empties into Lake Ontario, and its eastern entrance is reached from Bathurst street.

As you follow the winding road that leads to the entrance the old gates appear to be gone altogether, but the bastions are not much changed. Farther on inside the enclosure you can get a glimpse of the old blockhouses and weather-worn barracks. On the north side of the fort, halfway down the embankment, can still be seen the remains of the old palisade fortifications.

Entering the enclosure we leave the Present behind and come in touch with the Past. On your left are the old drill-hall and blockhouses, with their projecting upper stories, small windows and loop-holed sides, taking us back to a time when the warwhoop of the Indian was a familiar sound. The eastern blockhouse is the older one, and is said to be the oldest building in the fort. The other one is nearly in the center of the fort.

Facing you as you enter from the east are the old wooden barracks. Looking towards the bay and in a line parallel with the street that runs through the fort are rows of low cottages, formerly occupied by the married soldiers. Next to these was the canteen—not the original which was burned down; and further on the staff officers' quarters, messrooms, etc. In the rear of these was

the old cook-house, now torn down. It had contained immense ovens and coppers, as they were called, consisting of great square-shaped iron pots, built into masonry, each one requiring its own fire underneath and a separate flue. In these were made tea, coffee, soup—in fact, everything that needed boiling. The ovens were heated by great wood fires. When thoroughly heated the fire was raked out and the bread baked therein.

Near the blockhouses were the old drill-hall and a magazine with walls six feet thick and a bomb-proof roof. Near the western entrance and south of the road or street which traverses the fort is a magazine, erected on the site of the one blown up during the attack by the "Americans" in 1813. The keystone of the original building is now placed in a similar position in the present building, and bears the inscription "G. R. 34 yr. of his reign" proving that the original magazine was built in 1794.

The western entrance was guarded by a heavy wooden gate, part of which remains. Just inside the entrance are two old cannons, planted in the earth, muzzle upwards, and said to be guns left by the French when they dismantled Fort Rouille in 1790.

Some of the old buildings are built of logs and clapboarded over to improve their appearance, and are still in a good state of preservation. Until very recently a number of the old guns were in position overlooking the lake front. In the good old days, so I was told, there was mounted on the south-east bastion an old cannon, which was fired every day at noon. From the southern battery were fired the royal salutes on the arrival or departure of the Lieutenant-Governor, and at the opening and closing of the Parliament. The cottages are still inhabited by old soldiers. The other buildings are used by the Government as military storehouses. Bounded on the north and south by railway lines and on the west by Garrison Commons, the fort seems isolated from the busy world.

As I stood and looked around me at the quaint old buildings and grass-grown earthworks, it seemed almost impossible that less than a century ago a fierce battle raged within and without this old fort. A sad reminder of this was given a few days ago. Whilst an excavation was being made near the eastern en-



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Social and Personal.

Miss Harvey tells me that her scheme for forming a pad calendar to send Miss Rhonda Adair for a New Year's remembrance of her Canadian friends is, owing to the interest taken by them, turning out a great success. This is at once a tribute to the champion and to Miss Harvey of an unmistakable nature. Miss Harvey has had her own pleasure and amusement in looking over the leaflets sent in, some of which are delightfully original and funny.

The Rugby dance has grown from modest beginnings to be a function in which Society is annually showing more and more interest. Last week's dance in the 'Varsity Gym was quite a success, and a very large and smart attendance, with the Government House party at the head, was on hand for the opening quadrille. The music and floor are always good, and the stewards most attentive. Beside the 'Varsity faculty there are not many older folk in evidence, a perfect avalanche of young people, men in shirts and the prettiest imaginable girls always turning up for Rugby dance. Sporty decorations and a nice supper in a bright, comfortable and spacious room, are always features of the evening, and on Thursday were on as usual. Mrs. Mortimer Clark graciously patronized the affair, accompanied by Miss Clark and Mr. Allen Magee, A.D.C. Apart from a slight overcrowding, which young folks never seem to notice, there was not a suggestion possible to improve the comfort and enjoyment of the guests.

The entertainment which is on the tapis for some time next month in aid of the operating room fund of the Hospital of St. John the Divine, has three able sponsors in the persons of Mrs. G. Harley Roberts, Mrs. Grayson Smith, and Mrs. Macbell. When the programme is definitely arranged I shall have more to say about it.

The sudden attack of blood poisoning which laid Mr. Aylesworth low was a great shock to his wife and all the friends of each, who were much relieved to find that prompt care and skilled nursing checked the attack and only kept Mr. Aylesworth in for four or five days.

The buds go on contributing one more to the bouquet. Miss Neta Mackenzie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, is one of the latest debutantes. We have not had the same rush of young things as early last year, but by the New Year there will be a fair showing of the attractive young creatures. Miss Sankey, tall and handsome, much resembling her mother (nee Ponton); Miss Gwen Darling of Ravensmount, a very sweet, bright girl; Miss Muriel Baldwin, Miss Jean Graham and Miss Leonore Dennis, a trio of fair girls who have already had plenty of fun out of their first month in the social whirl; Miss Marjorie Arnoldi, a very delightful girl, outdoor and indoor pastimes appealing equally to her; Miss Charlotte Phillips, one of the late November debutantes, whom I was careless enough to call by her sister's name last week, and whose debut was 'a time of roses.' Miss Mary Morison, a lovely little lady, full of charm in face and manner; Miss Blair Burrows (almost the first of the debutantes this fall), who came out at the Victoria Ball; Miss Susie Cassels, for whom the jeunesse doree turned out in gay welcome at McConkey's, and danced till the milkman was going his rounds; Miss Norton Beatty, one of the few girls from the East Side to come out this fall; Miss Ruby Reynolds, who was presented at a very smart tea at McConkey's in October; Miss Rolph, who also was presented at a tea at her home in St. Vincent street, are some of the new beauties and bright young girls who will

add interest and attractiveness to their respective circles. I hear Miss Allie Rutter of Rosedale is making her debut next week, and after this week's dance at Government House there will probably be a few more to chronicle. Of last year's bouquet one or two are already married off, three or more are engaged, and others are looking suspiciously like it. The shortest debut on record in my memory was that of Miss Adele Falconbridge, who was engaged, married and off to Europe within seven or eight months of her presentation to society. A very handsome debutante of last year is now engaged, but I have been strictly forbidden to tell on her. Another has been warmly wooed at least twice, but is not to be inveigled into matrimony until she is quite sure "Mr. Right" has come. So runs the record of our girls up to date.

Miss Frances Gibson, daughter of Senator W. Gibson, of Beamsville, and Mr. John Jennings of Toronto are to be married in January.

Mr. and Mrs. Rust are residing in their new home in Admiral road, No. 29, where Mrs. Rust receives on the second and fourth Fridays.

Miss Florence Marshall is visiting her fiancé's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hoskins of Heath street, Deer Park.

Miss Hiam of Montreal, who has been visiting Mrs. Charles Fuller, returned home early this week.

One of the jolliest dinners of the month was given by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson last Saturday evening to a small party of intimate friends. The table was very prettily decorated with white mums and deep red carnations, and the details of the little feast charmingly carried out.

The committee in charge of the dance to be given by the officers and members of the Argonaut Rowing Club have decided on the Temple building for Friday evening, January 8th. Those who were present last year at this club's "At Home" will remember what a jolly time they had. An excellent orchestra will furnish the music.

Another dainty little hostess received a household of friends for tea for the first time since her occupancy of a residence in "Bride's Terrace," as the quaint row in Elgin avenue was christened two years ago. Mrs. J. Kerr Brodie was the hostess of one of Monday's jolliest teas, where the guests were almost all young matrons and girl friends of Mrs. Brodie, and a very intimate and congenial time they enjoyed. The soft light of any number of wax candles set in scones on the walls, in candelabra on the pretty little tea-table, and in candlesticks elsewhere, made all the pretty women look prettier and everyone look their best. Mrs. Brodie is petite and animated and was most sweetly gowned in cream white with some handsome lace, and received at the entrance to a bijou drawing-room, where Mrs. Jarvis and Mrs. Bengard assisted her. The dining-room was arranged as a tea-room, and in the hall a pretty cosy corner held for half an hour a bevy of bright women, chattering on a score of fascinating topics. Some time later centered the tea-table and the ladies in charge were Mrs. W. Bright, looking very lovely in a charming gown and hat; Mrs. Shirley Denison, as sweet and graceful a lady as ever plied a willing guest with dainties; Mrs. Fred Semerville and Mrs. Pearce, Miss Spink, sister of the hostess, Miss Annesley, who has lately returned from England, and Miss Johnston. Some of the guests were: Mrs. Gooderham, Mrs. Willie Lee, Mrs. Saiter, M. Jarvis, Mrs. Fisher, Miss Lola Henderson, Miss Lillie Lee, Miss Reed, the Misses MacMurchy, Miss Widdifield, Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Fairweather, Miss Wilkes, Mrs. Sterling Dean, Mrs. Harry Bourrier, Mrs. Tudhope and Mrs. Findlay, three charming brides; Mrs. R. Scott, Mrs. E. Y. Eaton, and Miss Eckart; Mrs. Morrice, Mrs. Dick Southam, Mrs. Kent, Miss Milligan, Miss Nelson. It was only a "baby wee" little tea, said the pretty hostess of about a hundred guests, and will probably be followed by one or two more. Mrs. Brodie having the kindness to entertain her friends "en ménage" instead of "en menagerie." Mrs. Pearce, who assisted in the tea-room, is a comparative newcomer from Los Angeles, and another mistress of a home in the pretty named terrace.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Houston have removed to their new home in Cluny avenue, Rosedale, where Mrs. Houston will receive next year.

The marriage of Miss Edith Lynville Wells, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Wells, Aurora, to Mr. Thomas Alexander Godfrey of Ottawa, is announced to take place December 19th.

Mrs. George W. Erb of Winnipeg is visiting her sister, Mrs. C. S. Boodin of Bloor street, prior to the latter's intended visit to Europe.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ida Margaret Johnston, daughter of the late Robert Johnston of this city, to Rev. George Scott, late graduate of Durham University, England, and recently appointed in charge of the Church of the Ascension, Port Perry.

Invitations for the seventh annual At Home of the Dental College, to be held on December 16th, are out. The wives of the faculty have kindly consented to act as the patronesses, among whom are Mrs. W. E. Willmetts, Mrs. W. T. Stuart, Mrs. J. J. McKenzie, Mrs. Harold Clark, Mrs. W. Cecil Trotter and Mrs. J. F. Ross. This is the first of any college function to be held in the King Edward, and the committee are doing their best to make this the great social event of the holiday season.

Miss Chrissie Morrison Jones, who is well known in musical circles, has become engaged to Mr. Charles G. Hohman of Hammond, Indiana. The marriage will take place before Christmas.

Mrs. Harold Senkler, "Harmingtoft," Vancouver, gave a "coming out" ball for her niece, Miss Morgan of Ottawa, November 26th.

Mrs. Anna Hinds and her daughter Viola are the guests of Mr. D'Arcy Hinds, 116 Augusta avenue.

The Toronto Engineers have postponed

their dance from the 8th to the 15th of January. This is their third annual dance and will be held in the University gymnasium.

On Wednesday afternoon of last week at the home of Mr. Isaac J. Gould, M.P., Uxbridge, his second daughter, Miss Adda N., was married to Mr. Donald H. Douglas of Chatham. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. Cockburn of Toronto, uncle of the bride, assisted by Rev. J. R. Fraser of Uxbridge, in the presence of about forty relatives. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Minnie Gould, while the groomsmen were Mr. J. S. Black of Chatham. After the wedding breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Douglas left for New York, where they will spend their honeymoon. On their return they will reside at Chatham, where Mrs. Douglas will be at home to her friends after February 1st.

A very delightful dinner of twelve covers was given by Dr. and Mrs. Grasett on Friday of last week, at their home in Simcoe street. The table, one of the finest mahoganies in Toronto, was set with a very pretty center and many pink roses and delicate white blooms.

In mentioning Mr. and Mrs. Osborne's dinner (given in honor of the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark) last week, some error crept in as to the number of guests, which, I fancy, got mixed with the Hendrie luncheon. Mr. and Mrs. Osborne's dinner was to twenty guests, and I am quite sorry any inaccuracy occurred in mentioning so charming a feast.

Mr. W. Molson Macpherson was in town last week, the guest of Mr. Alan Cassels.

Margaret Anglin is coming next week.

Judging photographs from any standpoint from which a fastidious public is likely to give them criticism, the work from the Rosevear studio can take a place alongside of the best work of the best photographic artists in the world, and that with no discredit to it. There's an excellence about Rosevear's photographs that puts them in the truly artistic class.

Old Man Hogan on the New Amateur Sport.

"THE" latest amachoor sport among the millionaires," said Old Man Hogan, "is playin' they are poor. Th' fad was started by Andy Carnegie, who says he's in trainin' for th' day when he gets all his fortune give away an' raytires with a beggarly tin or twenty millions to spend his last years in dayvent an' semi-raytirable poverty. If Andy keeps up th' game 'twill be sure to be popular among our very bist people an' in a season or two will take th' place of golf as th' leadin' society amusemint.

"But Andy's havin' a hard time of it. His reputation is against him. Whin he leaves Seab Castle without a cent in his pocket an' th' conductor starts to thrum him off th' street car for not payin' his fare there's always somebody recognizes him by his picter in th' pa-pers an' insists on lendin' him a couple of hundred pounds for pocket money. If he walks into a quick-lunch joint and modestly orders three sinkers an' wan in th' dark th' presidant av local library board, who's sittin' on th' next stool, is sure to send over a cut av mince pie an' some cranberry puffs, with th' suggestion that a new buildin' for storin' books that nobody reads is th' cryin' want av th' municipality.

"What Andy needs, if he intends to play th' game properly, is a good trainer

an' a dean shave. I know a lot of min that would take him out, with his whiskers cut off, an' in wan lesson teach him to play th' game like a professional. But he'll have to sacrifice th' lilacs, for that little bunch av gray hair will be good collateral for a million in any bank, so long as it sticks to Andy's chin.

"Wan av th' first rules to be observed in learnin' th' game av amachoor poverty is not to over-exercise at th' start. 'Twill be well, for instance, to cut down th' number av bottles av wine you drink at dinner gradually, a couple av quarts at a time, instead av jumpin' at wan leap from your full rations to a glass av water an' a cup av coffee, which is likely to make you sore an' give you a great distaste for th' game.

"Players who wish to praysarve their standin' as amachochs should also be careful to keep out av Wall street, for fear a sudden turn in th' market may make thim professional poor min over night. Wan av our leadin' amachochs, Misther Jim Keene, almost had this experience last spring. Nothin' but th' fact that Jim had sivil millions tucked away in th' sugar bowl at home enabled th' committay av th' National Amachoor Poor Min's Association to decide that his standin' as an amachoor was still unimpaired.

"In learnin' the game it is well to begin by refusin' to contribute to charitable associations by daydin' to make loans to needy friends an' relatives. In this way th' system will be accustomed to th' rigors av th' game, though a great many millionaires will find that they take to it naturally an' injiy it from th' first.

"There will doubtless be great competition among prominent amachochs as to which can make th' bist score at th' tax assessor's office. No wan who is not willin' to swear to a schedule av tin dollars to th' million will be allowed on th' list av recognized amachochs, an' a silver loving-cup will be awarded to every player worth more than tin million who gets off without any assessment at all.

"Other rules already adoptid be th' association are as follows: "All people havin' incomes av less than wan hundred thousand dollars a year shall be classed as professionals. "Any member payin' taxes on more than a third av his property shall be suspended for wan year.

"Any amachoor in good standin' kin become a life member av th' association be foundin' a couple of universities, givin' a lot av junk that he hasn't got room for about th' house to th' government at Washington or be endowin' a free bid in a hospital to be occupied exclusively by victims av his automobile.

"A motion to lay a number on or under th' table shall always be in order. "As soon as th' game gets well under way I expect that it'll be fashionable to be poor—av course, strictly as amachochs—an' I'm goin' to apply for a job as professional at wan av th' leadin' clubs."

Will the New Woman be Religious?

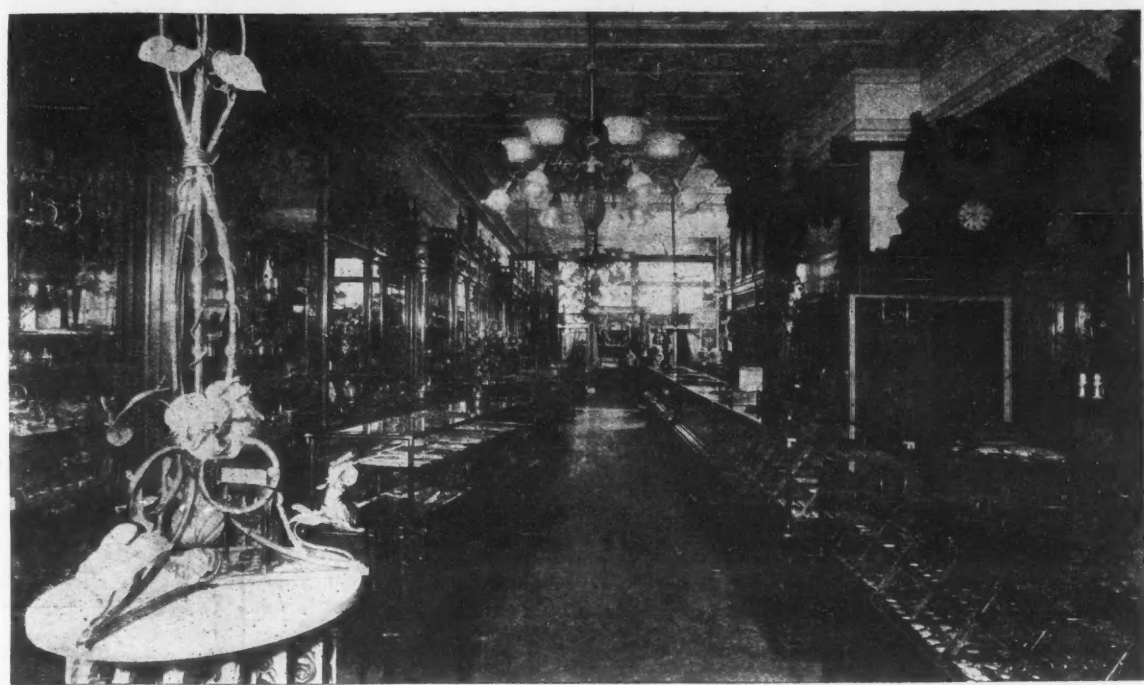
"THE woman has charge of the good," said Renan. "Woman is the archpriestess of religion," says another. These sayings reflect a hoary opinion. Indeed, so constant has woman been to the orthodoxy of her time, and so loyal in her devotion to the professional and established teachers of religion, that it has been said

Mothers, wives, and maids, These be the tools wherewith priests manage men.

The conventional assumption is that woman gains her truth of the spiritual world through her intuitions, and that,

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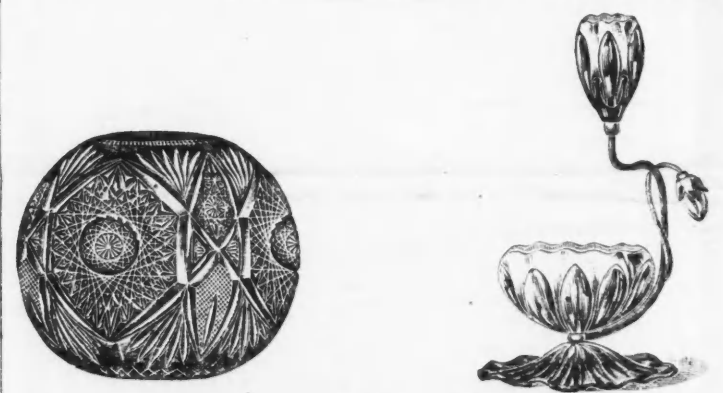


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Not during recent years has there been opportunity equal to the present, whereby a foretelling of impending prices might be with some degree of confidence claimed; and at no period extending over the forty-old years of our diamond experience, have we felt more justified in advising our patrons to serious reflection in the matter of their prospective diamond wants. The controlling influences of the world's diamond output have again caused a stiffening of prices, and whilst there may not be cause for immediate alarm, in due time an upward tendency of prices will, undoubtedly, take place. Our direct communication with the leading diamond centers of Europe, serves as a silent but strong factor in instructing us when and how to stock diamonds to the best advantage. It places us in the same desirable position as that which only the resident and local European diamond dealer enjoys who buys at first cost. Our periodical purchases are made in large quantities, and at cash payment quotations, which enables us to buy at the closest margin of cost, and sell at the closest margin of percentage. If it were not for the unique position we occupy in the affairs of the diamond situation in this regard, we would be compelled to ask the ruling prices set from time to time for the Canadian market, which are always higher than our prices. Throughout all these years, in the selling of diamonds, we have made "quality" the guiding star of our endeavors. Every stone leaving our establishment has the seal of "highest quality" an assured feature as a part of its purchase. We claim the largest stock of unset diamonds and diamond jewelry shown by any single jewelry establishment in Canada, and as diamonds enter Canada free of duty, the inducements which our prices and assortments make feasible, places diamond buyers here in close touch with minimum prices. We believe the present to be a decidedly opportune time to become the possessor of "the sparkling gem," as the future may ultimately prove. This is stated advisedly, many believing the present time as the closing days of closed buying. Whether so or not, we respectfully invite an inspection of our selections, to any who are interestedly concerned in beautiful and rare diamond designs.

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consequently, she would better let reason alone. Yea, even more, it is assumed by some that she is constitutionally disqualified for dealing with problems of theology or philosophy. It was F. D. Maurice's youthful opinion, he probably learned better later in life—that there probably was not a female in England who, in 1828, had any knowledge of theology; and he also held that unless women were given a scientific education it was useless to expect anything more than religion of the heart from them. "How many women do you know who are religious," wrote Elizabeth Barrett Browning to Miss Haworth, referring to Harriet Beecher Stowe, "who are religious, and yet analyze point by point what they believe in? She (Mrs. Stowe) lives in the midst of the traditional churches, and is full of reverence by nature; and yet if you knew how fearlessly that woman has torn up the old ceremonies and taken note of what is a dead letter within, yet preserved her faith in essential spiritual truth, you would feel more admiration for her than even for writing 'Uncle Tom.' What impressed Mrs. Browning about Mrs. Stowe was that she dared to think on matters of religion. So she did, and so did her sister Catherine; in fact, all the Beecher children, boys and girls, men and women, did their own thinking.

There are those, however, who are quite confident that woman's eating of the fruit of the tree of knowledge will be good for the church, as well as rewarding to the woman. That the theology of the future will be different from the theology of the past, as the result of woman's turning to get the higher education, seems to be the thought of Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts, the broad and tolerant successor of Phillips Brooks. Addressing the students of Radcliffe College a year ago, he said:

"The whole realm of theology has until the present generation been interpreted to us by men. Women have worshipped and revealed the graces of the saintly life, but it has not been vouchsafed to women to enter deeply into the study of the Bible or its interpretation. Who knows what a different theology we might have had in the past if women's minds had been at work on the problem? Would Mariolatry have taken the form it did? Would Calvinism have captured the intellect of Protestantism? Would any man have dared to say that hell was paved with the skulls of infants?"

Amiel deplored handing things over to "the Eternal Womanly" because he thought that it favored exaggeration, mysticism, sentimentalism—all that excites and startles. He declared it to be "the enemy of clearness, of a calm and rational view of things, the antipodes of criticism and science." Amiel did not know the American college-bred woman, who bids fair to be omnipresent and omniscient—two attributes of the Eternal—and who is Womanly withal.—"Harper's Weekly."

"And before I accepted him," said Miss Passay, "I asked him if he would love me when I was old."

"The ideal!" exclaimed Miss Bright. "Why, if he proposed to you he had already proved that, hadn't he?"—Philadelphia "Record."

Byer—The boys of Captain Lushman's company want to present him with some little testimonial. Outlier—How about a nice pocketknife? Here's a beauty, with four blades and a corkscrew. Byer—Haven't you got any with one blade and four corkscrews?—Philadelphia "Ledger."

An Ideal Christmas

A Suggestion for its Attainment

In the whole range of suitable articles for a CHRISTMAS PRESENT there is nothing which can compare with

A Pianola

It pleases the giver and the receiver alike.

By it the treasure house of music is unlocked, whilst the enjoyment of every family circle is made perfect in song and dance through its ministrations. What other souvenir can so enhance the charm of the Christmas gathering?

THE PIANOLA since its advent in the music world has brought into use thousands of pianos that for years had been looked upon mostly as articles of furniture, and had stood idle and useless, only being played upon when some musical friend would call. With the Pianola YOU YOURSELF have a repertoire of some 11,000 different selections, and the Pianola being under your perfect control, each and every selection can be played according to your own ideas of expression, or, by following the markings on the music rolls, you can render each selection according to the composer's interpretation. Do not confuse THE PIANOLA with other piano-playing attachments.

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**IMPORTED
PERFUMES
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Carlton and Church Sts., Toronto.



McMaster College will be en fête next Friday evening, when Founder's Day will be honored, as usual, by a reception, at which the Chancellor will receive and the faculty and students will be hosts.

Bain's book store is simply crammed with interesting and beautiful things. Some of the books are simply charming. "The Courtship of Miles Standish," with pictures by Howard Chandler Christy, is a gem. Gibson girls with their hair done in the prevailing modes are enchanting in a book sarcastically entitled "The Weaker Sex." And for men is Morley's "Life of Gladstone," and some delightful small editions of standard works. The "Christmas Book Shop" is also well stocked with calendars as usual.

The annual conversation of Victoria University, held on Friday, December 4, was the most successful event that "Victoria" has known. More than seven hundred guests kept up the stately promenade until after midnight. The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, with Chancellor and Mrs. Burwash, received in the library from 8.30 to 9 o'clock, and afterwards attended a concert given in the chapel. Refreshments were served downstairs in a lecture-room that had been transformed into a banquet hall, where the tables were centered brightly with carnations and roses. The halls and corridors were lavishly decorated with flags and palms, and for the serious-minded there were interesting exhibitions of Egyptian, Chinese and Indian collections. There was also the De Forrest exhibition of wireless telegraphy, which attracted the scientific.

In St. Peter's Church, at 2.30 on Thursday afternoon, December 3, Miss Janet Beatrice Carter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Carter, was married to Mr. E. Stanley Wellington, son of Mr. W. E. Wellington of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Carey Ward, assisted by Venerable Archdeacon Boddy. The musical part of the service was rendered by Mr. Arthur Blakeley and his quartette choir. The bride, who was escorted by her father, wore a gown of ivory liberty satin, with an overdress of shirred chiffon, trimmed with exquisite Carriacraosa and Limerick lace. The veil was of the finest Limerick lace, and had been worn by her grandmother and mother. It was surmounted by a graceful wreath of orange blossoms. She carried a beautiful shower bouquet of palest pink orchids and lily of the valley. The bride was attended by her only sister, Miss Madeline Carter, who wore a quaint frock of white taffeta silk with a dainty pattern of pink rosebuds. The bodice was

of old-fashioned style, with elbow sleeves and huge lace flounces, and a drapery of old Limerick lace. She wore a large Victorian poke bonnet of green panne velvet, with long, shaded green plumes, and carried a small bouquet of pink rosebuds and mignonette, with a rill of lace, in an antique silver bouquet holder. The groomsmen were Messrs. Stewart Playfair, Harry Love, James Douglas, Charles Wisner, Charles Lee and H. J. Carter. Mrs. Carter was escorted by her son, and wore a costume of softest gray broadcloth, embroidered in a handsome design in cream silk, the embroidered panels being separated by insertings of beautiful Venetian point lace, showing the underdress of cream satin. The hat was of gray tulle, trimmed with long gray plumes. Mrs. Carter carried a shower bouquet of crimson roses. The church was decorated with triple arches of Southern smilax and white chrysanthemums. A reception at Homewood avenue followed, the artistic house being decorated everywhere with Southern smilax and chrysanthemums. The polished table in the dining-room lit with innumerable yellow candles in quaint old brass candelabra, was decorated with a huge basket of yellow chrysanthemums and yellow ribbon. A large number of guests, friends of both families, were present. The bride's going-away gown was of brown canvas cloth over brown taffeta, the bodice trimmed with point applique. A brown and white hat, with trimmings of mink, was worn with a Persian lamb and mink trimmed coat. The bridal couple left on the 5.20 train for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Worthington of Chicago are spending the winter in Toronto. They have taken a furnished house, 106 Madison avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Blackburn, New York, are the guests of Mrs. Blackburn's sister, Mrs. A. Coulter, 59 Grosvenor street, where they will remain until Christmas. Mrs. Blackburn will be at home to her friends on Wednesdays.

Mrs. Chapman and Miss Hyndman of Jarvis street gave an At Home Tuesday afternoon next.

Mr. and Mrs. Chapman of Jarvis street are giving an At Home Tuesday evening next for the principals of the city schools and their wives.

Mrs. W. B. Smith and Miss Clara Smith of 135 Avenue road entertained at afternoon tea on Friday, November 27, in honor of Mrs. Herbert E. Smith, one of October's brides.

In South Carolina.

First White Citizen—You weren't at the lynching and burning yesterday.

Second White Citizen—No, hang it! You know that fellow I shot? Well, I had to stay at the court house nearly all day to get acquitted.

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The choir will be assisted by Mr. Heinrich Klingensfeld, on the violin.

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Every present that is exchanged during the Christmas time should be as beautiful and as substantial as the season itself. Knickknacks are not in tune with the Christmas season, and there is nothing more in keeping with the spirit of Christmas than

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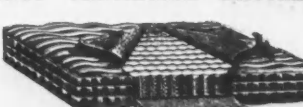
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Births

Anderson—Dec. 8, Toronto, Mrs. James S.

Anderson, a daughter.

Jamieson—Dec. 4, Barrie, Mrs. J. J.

Jamieson, a son.

Bone—Dec. 7, Toronto, Mrs. John R.

Bone, a daughter.

Bird—Dec. 6, New York, Mrs. Eustace G.

Bird, a son.

Becker—Dec. 5, Toronto, Mrs. W. G.

Becker, a son (stillborn).

Morton—Dec. 4, Norwood road, East Toronto, Mrs. Edward L. Morton, a son.

Hodgson—Dec. 4, Rowden Hill, Chippewham, Wiltshire, England, Mrs. P. F. Hodgson, a son.

Marriages

Brownlee—Perrin—Nov. 11, Denison, Tex., W. H. Brownlee to Tilley Perrin.

Bird—Stephenson—Dec. 8, Toronto, Will L. Bird to Eva Stephenson.

Spence—McKay—Dec. 7, Riverside, West Gwillimbury, R. J. Spence to Rhoda McKay.

Wellington—Carter—Dec. 3, Toronto, Earle Stanley Wellington to Beatrice Janet Carter.

Monro—Eyles—Dec. 3, Toronto, Rev. Campbell Hamilton Monro to Elena M. M. Eyles.

Deaths

White—In Chicago, Dec. 4, Kathleen Muriel, youngest daughter of Frank Edson and Mrs. White, and granddaughter of Rev. M. L. Pearson of Toronto, aged 14 years and 11 days.

Stuart—Dec. 8, Toronto, Charles J. Stuart, aged 66 years.

Day—Dec. 8, Toronto, John Day.

Cluff—Dec. 7, Toronto, Richard Cluff, aged 70 years.

Gourlay—Dec. 7, Toronto Junction, Hattie Gertrude Eastwood Gourlay, aged 8 days.

McArthur—Dec. 7, Toronto, J. B. McArthur, K.C., aged 54 years.

Percival—Dec. 8, Toronto, Clara Percival, aged 86 years.

Unwin—Dec. 8, Toronto, Mabelle Gertrude Unwin.

Allen—Dec. 6, Toronto, Mary Maud Patter Allen, aged 26 years.

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Territory Between all Stations in Canada, Port Arthur, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., Sarnia, Windsor and East, also to Detroit and Pe. Huron, Mich., Buffalo, Black Rock, Sault Ste. Marie and Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Rate and Limit Single First-Class Fare for the Round Trip

Good going Dec. 24th and 25th valid returning until Dec. 28th; also good going Dec. 31st and Jan. 1st, valid returning until Jan. 4th, 1904.

Rate and Limit Single First-Class Fare and One-Third for the Round Trip

Good going Dec. 23rd, 24th and 25th, also on Dec. 30th, 31st and Jan. 1st, valid returning until Jan. 25th, 1904.

For tickets and all information apply to Agents.

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will issue return tickets.

GENERAL PUBLIC

At Single First-Class Fare, good going Dec. 24, 25, valid for return until December 28, 1903.

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At First-Class Fare and One-Third, good going Dec. 23, 24 and 25, and December 30, 31, 1903, and January 1, 1904, good returning until January 5, 1904.

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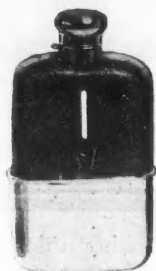
First-class Sleepers Toronto to Winnipeg and the Coast. Unexcelled dining car service.

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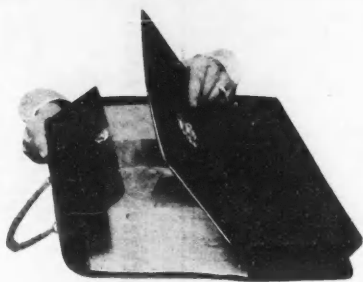
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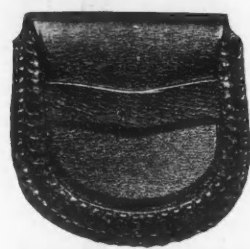
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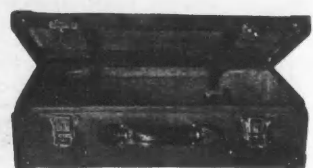
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Roll Ups	-	-	\$1.25 to 2.00
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**Fitted Suit Cases For Men**

Containing only the articles that are necessary.
Price, complete, \$25.00.

Ladies' Suit Cases, Same Price

**Tobacco Pouches**

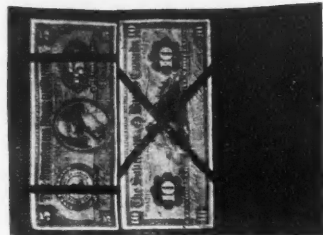
In Buck, Deer and Kangaroo with Rubber Linings.
Prices, 50c., 75c., \$1.00.

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**Bellows Top Suit Cases**

In all colors of leather, 24 and 26 inches long, linen-lined.
Price, \$14.00 and 15.00.
Leather lined, \$16.00 and 17.00.

**Bill Books**

In Morocco, Seal and Walrus.
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Letter Cases
In Morocco, Seal and Walrus.
Prices, 50c. to \$4.00.

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\$1.50

Pen Wipers

50c.

Eye-Glass Cleaners

25c.

The New Crush Belt for Ladies

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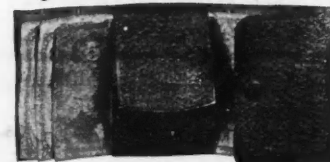
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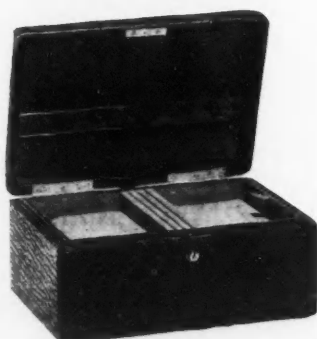
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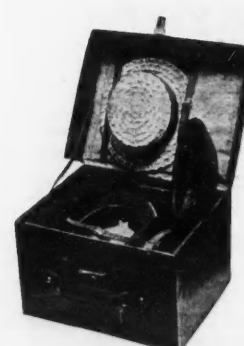
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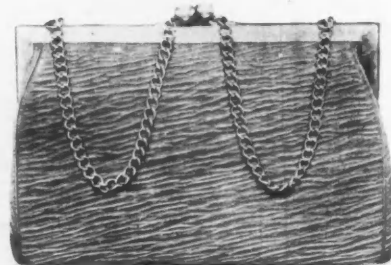
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18-inch, \$20.00; 20-inch, \$25.00.

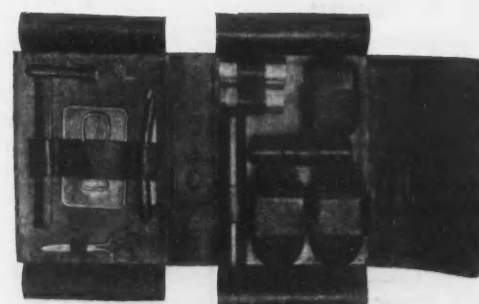
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